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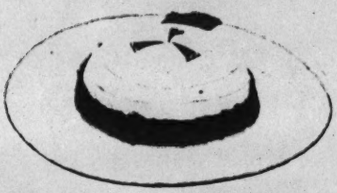
FOR THE WOMAN OF 1958

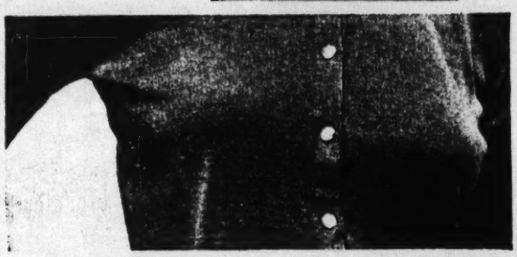
WHO AND WHAT IS EVE?



EVE is every woman with balance and humor who gets fun out of life.

EVE is every woman seeking her own feminine voice because she knows she'll have more fun when she finds it.

EVE is every woman who wants husband, children and home, but wants to be herself too, as well as wife, mother and housekeeper.



EVE is sick and tired of being told what's wrong with her and of being made the scapegoat for everything from inflation to juvenile delinquency.

EVE is more impressed by wisdom than by surface facts.

EVE adores men who really appreciate her.

EVE wants the man in her life to protect her—but from real menaces—like carrying heavy bags of food up the steps, and war.

EVE knows it's a man's world, but she'd like to live in a human being's world.

And EVE is her magazine. It will reflect what she is doing, thinking and feeling. It welcomes her ideas and opinions. And it will never, never, never talk down to her.

EVE

CONTENTS APRIL, 1958 VOL. 1, NO. 1

FEATURES	PAGE	AUTHOR	ARTIST	PHOTOGRAPHER
To Both Their Own	4	*Margaret Mead*		*Bill Graham*
Dilemma	9		*John Dempsey*	
A Pen, A Bottle of Ink, and Thou	14	*Jerome Beatty, Jr.*		
The Lovers	19	*Denise Levertov*	*John Altoon*	
Poetry and Jazz	26			*William Claxton*
Songs of Couch and Consultation	32		*Virgil Partch*	
Only a Housewife	40	*Pessa S. Klipstein*	*Mary O'Leary*	
Dusting the Books	47	*Dorothy Hughes*	*John Altoon*	
The Awkward Look	56	*Carol Scarlett*	*Janet Stiles*	
Junior Maternity— a Pregnant Idea	52			*Ralph Poole*
FICTION				
Lightning and Sweet Grass	16	*Josephine Carson*	*John Altoon*	
The New Dead Sea Scrolls	20	*Lawrence Lipton*	*Ed Kysar*	
Pretty on the Bus	22	*James Leo Herlihy*	*George Johnson*	*Ralph Poole*
The Solar Barque	34	*Anais Nin*	*Peter Loomer*	*Val Telberg*
Second Marriage is the Triumph of Hope over Experience	42	*Winifred Cullen*	*George Johnson*	
The Frog	48		*Ray Rich*	
DEPARTMENTS				
Letters	2			
EVE Explores	10			
Then and Now	38		*Peché*	
He Says: She Says:	60	*He: Horace Malone* *She: Rachel Lawrence*	*Dolores Cannata*	

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ANTICIPATING...

A first issue of a new magazine can't contain letters from readers, but it certainly can publish letters from future readers who couldn't wait to express their feelings when they heard there would be a different kind of journal for women.

Do you have something that will attract me to myself?

MYTHOLOGY

What every Woman knows
And Man may not condone—
Eve wasn't made from Adam's rib
'Twas perforce his funny bone!

Success to you and your staff! May EVE fulfill your fondest hopes!

GRACE PARSONS HARMON

Congratulations! We need a good magazine for women and I am going to read your folder with great care...

DORIS FLEISCHMAN BERNAYS
New York City

...I shall look forward to your magazine and I would like to wish you all the best for it.

LAURETTE PIZER
New York City

The magazine sounds fascinating to me. Perhaps there is a place for something more than the lovely recipe books, called women's mags, on the stands. I do hope this is it...

CORNELIA K. DRESSER
Reseda, Calif.

...We know the New Year will be a happy one—with the second coming of EVE.

PHYLLIS SCRIPPS
Los Angeles

EVE sounds simply fascinating and I am already coining phrases such as "Eve" or "unEve." Please send me a copy as soon as it is off the press.

ROBIN O'SHEA
New York

EVE IS A STATE OF MIND

Your new magazine sounds well thought out and necessary to the woman who is living in the world of today. I am middle-aged but do not consider myself old or middle-aged in spirit. My family is now grown and I am faced with more free time than I care for, but I am slowly finding new outlets which keep me alive. I am sure EVE will give me many more ideas when I see what other women are doing.

AN OLDER EVE
Long Beach, Calif.

Best wishes for a great success with your new magazine.

AUVERGNE MEREDITH
La Habra, Calif.

This is a kind of fan letter in advance. I was so happy to hear that idea-conscious women are going to have a stimulating magazine to read, actually published on the West Coast, that I can't resist writing to tell you

so and to wish you all possible success and enjoyment.

I am enclosing a check to start a subscription.

Again, a warm welcome from one of many who will be very glad to "meet" EVE.

SHEILA FLUME TAYLOR
Sunland, Calif.

Could you send me advance information on your magazine? From what I've heard, EVE sounds most intriguing!

MARCENE DiSANTO
Los Angeles

I do want very much to wish you and your staff the best of success, just so long as you all have fun doing it.

KATRINA WALTER
West Hollywood, Calif.

Good luck to the new EVE.

ANNA HUNGER
Los Angeles

Desert Hot Springs, Calif.

You really mean it? A new magazine published by women, for women? It's too good to be true. Please don't forget that there are lots of us who can *think* at the same time we're cleaning dairy cans or mending socks. Best wishes.

LENA KAISERMANN
Soledad, Calif.

SUGAR AND SPICE

Men have "Esquire" and a dozen other magazines. How about a little spice for us gals too? We like to laugh, you know, and nothing but menus, babies and how to make a casserole without meat can get pretty deadly. We'll be watching.

NORMA CAZAKI
Brooklyn, N. Y.

... Congratulations on your new venture into a woman's magazine, and may you reach great success.

EDNA WEBSTER
Los Angeles

NOT JELLO, AGAIN?

I was greatly enthused to hear of the advent of EVE. It seems to me that there is a definite need for such a publication, inasmuch as the "woman's magazine" as we know it today has become much too stereotyped, with its formula-type stories and over-glamorized fashion layouts and food recipes.

Like Jello, they come in an assortment of different flavors, but any way you look at it, it's still Jello.

MARION BAKER
North Hollywood, Calif.

It was
really EVE's
curiosity, we've always
believed, not the serpent,
that led her to pick the fruit of the
Tree of Knowledge, in spite of the fact
that it had been forbidden. That serpent
might even symbolize curiosity, in a modern,
post-Freud interpretation. In fact, we like that analysis. What
we're leading up to, as you've undoubtedly guessed by now,
is the next step—the bite. You 1958 EVES can pick and eat a lot of
contemporary fruit for yourselves in the form of good reading
material and it will cost you far less than the original EVE paid for a
single bite of apple. You can buy 12 issues of EVE for only $5.00
(it's 50¢ per copy) or 12 issues for $6.00 if you live outside the
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money order and you will not have to worry about
finding EVE on a news stand—it will be put
right into your mailbox. Figuring out how
to keep it to yourself so you
can read it first should be

NO PROBLEM FOR
A TRUE EVE. DO
YOU THINK THAT
THIS OBJECT IN
TYPE HAS A BIT
OF RESEMBLANCE
TO A TREE? TO A
TREE LOADED TO
CAPACITY WITH
FRUIT? IN OUR
OPINION, IT IS
A TRUE EXAMPLE
OF THE HONORED
—AND PAINSTAKING—
INDISPENSABLE ART OF TYPOGRAPHY

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P. O. Box 269
Venice, Calif.

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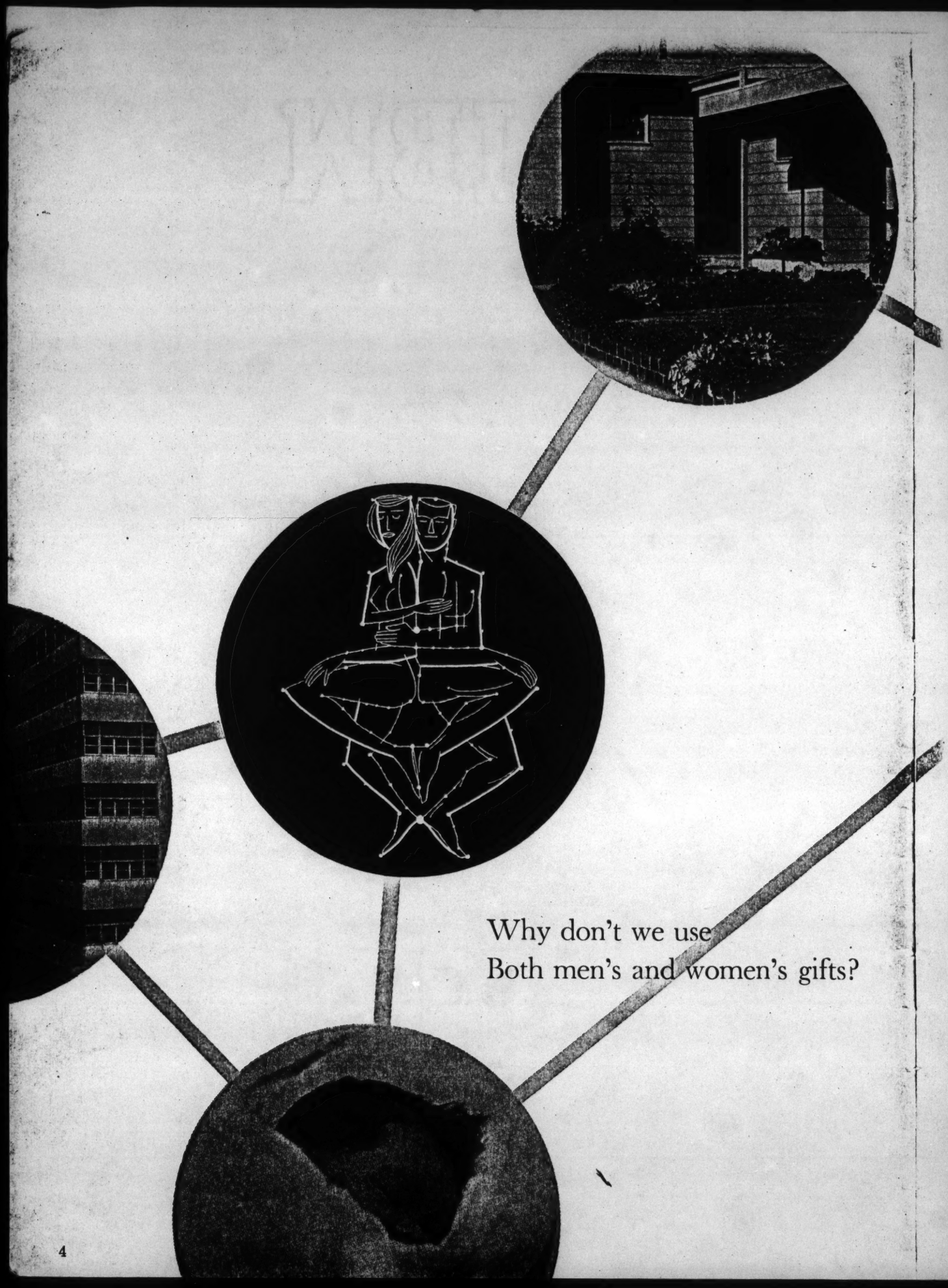


Why don't we use
Both men's and women's gifts?

TO BOTH THEIR OWN

BY MARGARET MEAD

WE have seen how children of each sex learn, from their own bodies and the way in which others respond to their bodies, that they are male and female. And we have seen that each sex position can be stated as the surer one, with the other sex a pallid or compensatory or imperfect version of the other. We have seen that the girl may feel herself an incomplete person and spend her life trying to imitate male achievements, and that equally the boy may feel himself incomplete and spend his life in symbolic and far-fetched imitations of the girl's maternity. Each sex may be distorted by the presence of the other sex, or it may be given a fuller sense of sex membership. Either solution is possible, neither is inevitable. If parents define one child as less complete, less potentially gifted, with less right to be free, less claim to love and protection, or less a source of pride to themselves than the other, the child of that sex will, in many cases, feel envy. If society defines each sex as having inalienable and valuable qualities of its own but does not relate those qualities to the reproductive differences between the sexes, then each sex may be proud and strong, but some of the values that

As a matter of policy, EVE will reprint from time to time any material her editors think will be of real value to her readers. This chapter, "To Both Their Own," from Male and Female *(copyright 1949 by Margaret Mead) is such material, and is here reproduced by permission of William Morrow and Company, Inc.*

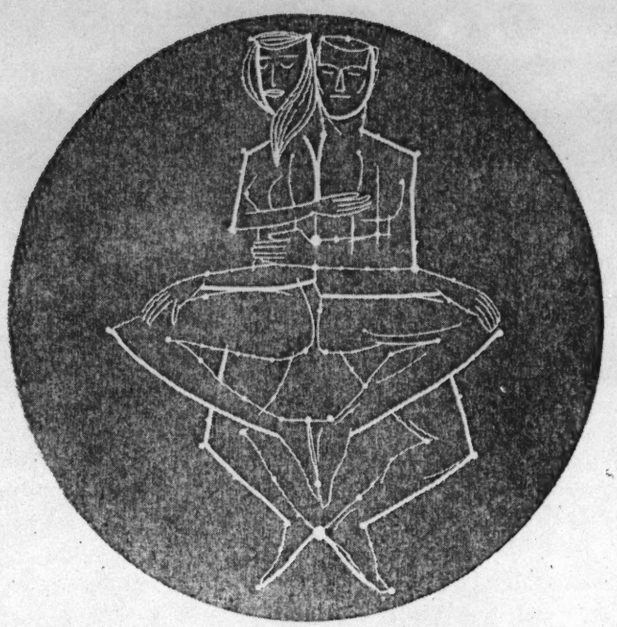
The author herself adds the following:

In a world moving so fast, it is very important that the reader be fully aware when reprinted articles were written and published. This chapter was written in the spring of 1948 and published in 1949. Since then, the whole question of the waste of half of our national sources of educated personnel because of failure to use women's gifts has been highlighted by the conspicuous success of Soviet education.

come from sex contrast will be lacking. If women are defined without reference to their maternity, men may find that their own masculinity seems inadequate, because its continuance into paternity will also lose definition. And if men are defined in terms of paternity rather than as lovers, women will find that their own capacities of wifehood have been muted in favor of their capacities for motherhood.

Externally at some given period of history and in some set of social arrangements it may often look as if one sex gained and the other lost, but such gains and losses must in the end be temporary. To the extent that women are denied the right to use their minds, their sons suffer as well as their daughters. An over-emphasis on the importance of virility will in the end make the lives of men as instrumental as an over-emphasis on their merely reproductive functions makes the lives of women. If our analysis is deep enough and our time-perspective long enough, if we hold in mind all the various possibilities that other cultures hint at or fully embody, it is possible to say that to the extent that either sex is disadvantaged, the whole culture is poorer, and the sex that, superficially, inherits the earth, inherits only a very partial legacy. The more whole the culture, the more whole each member, each man, each woman, each child will be. Each sex is shaped from birth by the presence and the behavior of both sexes, and each sex is dependent upon both. The myths that conjure up islands of women who live all alone without men always contain, and rightly, some flaw in the picture. A one-sex world would be an imperfect world, for it would be a world without a future. Only a denial of life itself makes it possible to deny the interdependence of the sexes. Once that interdependence is recognized and traced in minute detail to the infant's first experience of the contrast between the extra roughness of a shaven cheek and a deeper voice and his mother's softer skin and higher voice, any program which claims that the wholeness of one sex can be advanced without considering the other is automatically disallowed. *Isolated consideration of the position of women becomes as essentially one-sided as the isolated consideration of the position of men.* We must think instead of how to live in a two-sex world so that each sex will benefit at every point from each expression of the presence of two sexes.

To insist on building a world in which both sexes benefit does not mean that we gloss over or deny the differential vulnerability of either sex, the learnings that are harder for boys, the learnings that are harder for girls, the periods of greater physical vulnerability for one



sex than the other. This does not mean that we deny that when both sexes are cared for more by the mother than by the father, the learnings will be different as the boy accepts a first-beloved person who is unlike himself and the girl one who is like herself, as each lives out its first warm contacts with the world with eager little mouths that for one will remain a prototype of adult relationships, but for the other will be reversed. Nor does it mean that we fail to recognize the period when the little girl's sex membership is so much less explicit than the little boy's that while he is proudly, exhibitionistically sure of his masculinity, she has to ignore what seems like a deficiency in herself in favour of a promised future maternity. It means recognizing that training to control elimination, to plan, to respond, to inhibit, appropriately, in terms of time and place, has a different impact on the boy and on the girl. It does mean that we also recognize that as both children seize on the behavior of grown men and women to give them clues as to what their future roles will be, the conspicuousness of pregnancy to which the girl can look forward overshadows the paternal role that is so much harder for a small boy's imagination to follow through. As the girl is left vulnerable to any cultural arrangements that seem to deny her freedom—the right to use her mind or her body in some way that is permitted to a boy—so the boy is left vulnerable to cultural arrangements that spur him on to efforts that may be beyond his strength, if achievement is defined as necessary to validate an otherwise imperfect maleness.

Giving each sex its due, a full recognition of its special vulnerabilities and needs for protection, means looking beyond the superficial resemblances during the period of later childhood when both boys and girls, each having laid many of the problems of sex adjustment aside, seem so eager to learn, and so able to learn the same things. Paced too closely together, with a school system that closes its eyes to the speed with which the girls are outdistancing the boys in height, and the greater ease that girls have in learning certain kinds of lessons, both boys and girls may be injured during this period, the boy given a fear of the superiority of the girl, the girl given a fear of being superior to the boy. Each fear is deeply detrimental to the full development of each sex later, but it operates differently, making the boy angry and grudging about achievement in women, making the girl frightened and deprecatory about her own gifts. At puberty, there is again a difference. The girl's attainment of puberty is definite and clear. Only cultural arrangements which insist that chronological age is more

We are human beings first, members of a sex second

important than maturity, or which fail to recognize that late maturation is as normal as early, can make the girl as doubtful of herself and of her full sex membership as is the boy as he responds to the less sure, less definite signs of his own puberty.

As young adults ready for a full sex relationship, both boy and girl are limited by the irrevocability of a full sex experience for a woman as compared with that of a man. This irrevocability of the severed hymen often stays the man's spontaneity as greatly as it does the girl's. Then in the full sex relationship there is again a shift. The man may live over again fantasies of re-entering his mother's body, but the woman must accept her obligation to herself, the willingness to become a body in which new life is sheltered. However, once she has borne a child, her full sex membership, her ability to conceive and carry and bear another human being, is assured and can never be taken away from her. The male who has impregnated a female is given no such full assurance; his paternity remains to the end inferential, his full sex membership has to be referred again and again to continual potency rather than to past paternity. And with advancing years, the woman faces a moment when giving up her productive maternity will occur as irrevocably and unmistakably as the beginning was once signalled at menarche. But the male's loss of his potential paternity, like the diminution of his potency, is gradual, indefinite, reversible. It has neither the quality of a single devastating event, which is the way women often experience the menopause, nor the possibility of a peaceful acceptance of a consummated step in life, which is also possible to women. He keeps the rewards and the psychological hazards that go with a less punctuated ageing process.

Our tendency at present is to minimize all these differences in learning, in rhythm, in type and timing of rewards, and at most to try to obliterate particular differences that are seen as handicaps on one sex. If boys are harder to train, train them harder; if girls grow faster than boys, separate them, so the boys won't be damaged; if women have a little less strength than men, invent machines so that they can still do the same work. But every adjustment that minimizes a difference, a vulnerability, in one sex, a differential strength in the other, diminishes their possibility of complementing each other, and corresponds—symbolically—to sealing off the constructive receptivity of the female and the vigorous outgoing constructive activity of the male, muting them both in the end to a duller version of human life, in which each is denied the fullness of humanity that each might have had. Guard each sex in its vulnerable moments we must, protect and cherish them through the crises that at some times are so much harder for one sex than for the other. But as we guard, we may also keep the differences. Simply compensating for differences is in the end a form of denial.

But if each sex is to realize sex membership fully, each boy and each girl must also feel as a whole human being. We are human beings first, and while sex membership very quickly overrides race feeling, so that boys of a race that assumes itself superior will express themselves as more willing to be males of the "inferior" race than to be females in their own, people do not similarly choose not to be human. The most boldly swaggering male would be staggered by the choice of keeping his masculinity at the price of becoming a lion or a stag, the most deeply maternal female would not elect to be turned into a ewe or a doe rather than lose her femininity. Humanity at any price, but please God, a human being of my own sex, fully, sums up the approach that men and women make in every culture in the world. We may bring them up to wish they had been born a member of the other sex, and so impair forever their full and happy functioning, but even so they would not barter away their humanity. Yet we have seen how damaging to full sex membership can be some of the conventions by which each society has differentiated the sexes. Every known society creates and maintains artificial occupational divisions and personality expectations for each sex that limit the humanity of the other sex. One form that these distinctions take is to deny the range of difference among the members of one sex, and so insist that all men should be taller than all women, so that any man who is shorter than any woman is less a man. This is the simplest form of a damaging conventionalization. But there are a thousand others, rooted in our failure to recognize the great variety of human beings who are now mingled and mated in one great melange that includes temperamental contrasts as great as if the rabbit mated with the lion and sheep with leopards. Characteristic after characteristic in which the differences within a sex are so great that there is enormous overlapping are artificially assigned as masculine or feminine. Hairiness may be repudiated by both sexes and men forced to shave their beards and women to shave their legs and armpits; hairiness may be a proof of maleness, so that women shave their heads and men wear false curls. Shaving takes time, the male who has no beard feels unmanned, the woman who has three hairs between her breasts may be taken for a witch, and even so adjustment to such stereotypes does relatively much less harm than when personality differences are assigned in the same way. If initiative is limited to one sex, especially in sex relationships themselves, a great number of marriages will be distorted and often destroyed, to the extent that the one to whom sex initiative is forbidden is the one of that particular pair who is able to initiate, and so either refrains from the relationship or conceals and manipulates and falsifies it. As with initiative, so with responsiveness. Each sex is capable of taking certain kinds and certain types of initiative, and some individuals in each sex in relation to some individuals of the other sex, at certain times, in certain places, should, if they are to act as whole individuals, be initiating regardless of their sex, or be responsive regardless of their sex. If the stereotypes forbid this, it is hazardous for each to do so. We may go up the scale from simple physical differences through complementary definitions that overstress the role of sex difference and extend it inappropriately to other aspects of life, to stereotypes of such complex activities as those involved in the formal use of the intellect, in the arts, in government, and in religion.

In all these complex achievements of civilization, those activities which are mankind's glory, and upon which depends our hope of survival in this world that we have built, there has been this tendency to make artificial distinctions that limit an activity to one sex, and by denying the actual potentialities of human beings limit not only both men and women, but also equally the development of the activity itself. Singing may be taken as a very simple example. There are societies in which nobody sings in anything but a flat, rhythmic, dull chant. Significantly enough, Manus, which is built on the duller similarities of men and women, is such a society. There are societies in which women sing, and men sing falsetto. There have probably been societies in which men sang and only women who could sing alto were allowed to sing. There are societies that wished to achieve the full beauty of a chorus which spanned the possibilities of the human voice, but in linking religion and music together also wished to ban women, as unsuited for an active role in the church, from the choir. Boys' voices provide an apparently good substitute. So also do eunuchs, and so in the end we may have music modelled on a perfect orchestration of men and women's voices but at the price of the exclusion of women and the castration of men.

Throughout history, the more complex activities have been defined and re-defined, now as male, now as female, now as neither, sometimes as drawing equally on the gifts of both sexes, some-

One-sex patterns of work restrict the sex practising them

times as drawing differentially on both sexes. When an activity to which each could have contributed—and probably all complex activities belong in this class—is limited to one sex, a rich differentiated quality is lost from the activity itself. Once a complex activity is defined as belonging to one sex, the entrance of the other sex into it is made difficult and compromising. There is no heavy taboo in Bali against a woman if she wishes, or a man if he wishes, practising the special arts of the other sex. But painting in Bali has been a male art. When a gifted little adolescent girl in the village of Batoean, where there were already some sixty young men experimenting with the modern innovation of painting on paper, tried a new way of painting—by setting down what she saw rather than painting conventional stylized representations of the world—the boy artists derided and discouraged her until she gave up and made poor imitations of their style. The very difference in sex that made it possible for her to see a little differently, and so make an innovation, also made her so vulnerable that her innovation could be destroyed. Conversely, the entrance of one sex into the activities of the other if the other has less prestige may be simply destructive. In ancient Samoa, the women made lovely bark-cloth, pressing out the fluctuating, beautifully soft lines against mats on which the pattern was sewed in coconut-leaf riblets. When iron tools were introduced, the men, because men were defined as the carvers, learned to carve wooden pattern-boards that were stronger and easier to work with than the old fragile mats. But the designs, made for an art for which they had no feeling, suffered, became stiff and dull, and even the women's attempt to get some freedom back into the designs by painting imitations rather than using the boards failed.

In religion we find the same gamut. Religious experience and religious leadership may be permitted to one sex alone, and the periodic outbreak of vision in the wrong sex may be penalized. A woman may be branded as a witch, a man as an invert. The whole picture may become so confused between real gift and social definition of sex role that we get the final institutionalized patterns that confuse sex inversion, transvestitism, and religious functions, as among some Siberian tribes. It is always possible for society to deny to one sex that which both sexes are able to do; no human gift is strong enough to flower fully in a person who is threatened with loss of sex membership. The insistence on limiting a two-sex potentiality to one sex results in the terrible tragedies of wrong definition of one's own sex in the man who becomes a homosexual because of the way in which society defines his desire to paint or to dance, or in the woman who becomes a homosexual because she likes to ride horses, or use a slide-rule. If the interest the other sex takes in a one-sex activity is strong enough, then the intruders may win, as men have been largely driven from teaching in the schools of the United States. Or even more peculiar things may happen. In some particular place and time a developing medical practice may include obstetrics within the proper sphere of the doctor. Those male physicians who have had the strongest interest in the reproductive capacities of women may gravitate initially towards obstetrics and pediatrics. So also may females whose interest in medicine has been defined as male. There may come to be a group of practitioners that includes males who have been very strongly influenced by their conceptions of what a female role is, and females who are strongly repelled by their conceptions of the limitations of the female role. Together they may shape medical practice into strange forms in which the women who might make a contribution from a first-hand knowledge of femininity are silent, and the men are left freer to follow their fantasies than they would have been had there been no women among them. Such a development may sometimes finally include a determination to indoctrinate women in "natural child-birth," in fact to return to them the simple power of bearing their own children, which in the course of a most devoted but one-sided development of medicine has practically been taken away from them.

I have elaborated this particular example in some detail, because no matter with what goodwill we may embark on a program of actually rearing both men and women to make their full and special contributions in all the complex processes of civilization—medicine and law, education and religion, the arts and sciences—the task will be very difficult. Where an occupation or an art is defined as feminine, the males who are attracted to it are either already in some way injured or may be injured if they try to practice it. If simple social definition does not set them to doubting their manhood, the very feminine rules and procedures of the occupation itself may so befuddle and exasperate them that they inevitably do not do different and good work, but similar and worse work, than the women who are already there. When an occupation is defined as masculine, the women who first enter it will be similarly handicapped. They may have entered it out of a simple drive to act like a male, to compete with males, to prove that they are as good as males. Such a drive, compensatory and derivative rather than primary, will blur their vision and make clumsy fingers that should be deft as they try to act out the behavior of the other sex, deemed so desirable. Or if they enter the occupation not out of any desire to compete with men, but out of simply primary motivations, of curiosity or a desire to create or to participate in some activity that is fascinating in itself, they too, like the men who enter occupations in which women have set the style, will find themselves handicapped at every turn by a style that has been completely set by the other sex. As the member of another culture fumbles and stumbles in a different land, with hand stretched out for a door-knob that is not there, a foot raised for a step that is missing, an appetite that rises insistently at an hour when there is no food, and an ear trained to wake to sounds that are never heard in these strange streets, so the immigrant coming into an occupation that has been the sole preserve of the other sex will stumble and fumble and do less than is in him or her to do. How can such an immigrant compete with those whose upbringing fits them to find their way, effortlessly, gracefully, with never a false step or a wasted motion? Whether it be the arts or the sciences, the whole pattern of thought, the whole symbolic system within which the novice must work, facilitates every step taken by the expected sex, obstructs every step taken by the unexpected sex. These same one-sex patterns also restrict the sex that practises them the longer they are practised by one sex alone, and not made new by the interwoven imaginations of both. It may even be that one of the explanations which lie behind the decline of great periods of civilized activity when philosophies fail, arts decline, and religions lose their vigour, may be found to be a too rigid adherence to the insights and the gifts of one sex. The higher the development of some faculty of creativeness that has been defined as rigidly male or rigidly female, the more the personality of the practitioner is split, and the deeper the danger that the personal life of mating and parenthood, which must be keyed to the presence of the other sex, may be divorced from the creative life of thought and action. This may in turn result in a secondary solution, such as the split in Greek society between the uneducated wife and the sophisticated mistress; it may push a large part of society towards celibacy or homosexuality, simply because a heterosexual relationship involves unbearable complications. The deeper the commitment to a creative activity becomes, be it government or science, industry or the arts, religion or exploration, the more the participating

(Continued on Page 50)

DILEMMA By Dempsey

Honestly, I just can't understand myself.

EVE EXPLORES

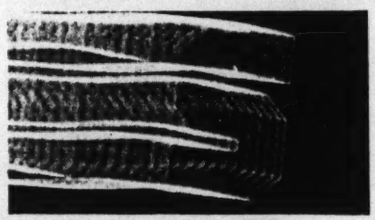
Eve in New York donned a leopard fur beret and a red dress to match the vivid mood of the

city. Red dresses in the windows ... the Rodeo marching down Fifth Avenue between the buses ... the noble Black Watch in kilts and leopard vests marching around Madison Square Garden calling forth wild shouts of excitement from a usually restrained New York audience ... Church bells, holiday bells, Indian bells on bedroom slippers ... talk of vast intercultural exchanges, so many books being translated which we could never read, so much of our music and so many of our books going to foreign countries ... dirty blue jeans adopted by the women of Arabia as the symbol of independence, but our women of achievement displaying more and more femininity.

Intensely active on the contemporary scene, Peggy Glanville Hicks preparing the production of her opera based on Thomas Mann's "Transposed Heads". This woman composer, considered the best, is frail, slight, with a lively charm of manner, dressed with a simple elegance which says: do not look at me but at the musician. In her humorous moods she wears a Tyrolean hat with dash. She disserts on the most abstruse themes of modern music with a lightness, a smile, a waving of small delicate hands, and the strength of her music is impossible to guess from her charm and humor. Her femininity is expressed in her untiring protectiveness towards other composers. She has no sense of rivalry, but a keen sympathy with all composers; her flair for quality is unerring, her skillful articulateness rare in musicians, enabling her to situate, to evaluate, to illumine musical values, developments and trends simultaneously with creation. Thus she offers not only her rich musical productivity but also a far-reaching, universal grasp of the total meaning of music. This quality of objective insight is not usually considered a feminine quality.

Peggy and Eve discussed the delicate confusion between activity and aggressiveness which disturbs modern woman. Women are themselves fearful of this new active role, having played so long a passive and indirect role. The sensitive ones are aware of the differences between activity and aggressiveness. Activity is creative; aggression is a warrior's attack upon obstacles. According to the legend it was Lilith and not Eve who was born independent of man. Eve was made of the same substance, which made her indivisible. Her new activity and creativity were fraught with dangers. Peggy has remained the friend, the protector, the initiator, the organizer of other musicians. Her words about Olin Downes might be applied to her: "possessing a kind of radar for musicality."

Another type of musician is Bebe Barron, collaborating with her husband, Louis. They compose with electronic sounds, a modern



permutation of music born of physics. Bebe is a beautiful young woman with short, dark hair, delicate features and large, soft, dark eyes, who threads her way gracefully through mazes of lights, wires, buttons, turntables, earphones and tubes. She speaks softly, moves about in feminine clothes, unobtrusively sharing in the development of this new intricate science.

One cold morning on Fourteenth Street Eve met the Becks (Julian and Judith Maline) who for years gave bold and original freedom to productions of their "Living Theatre". They had just bought a building for their theatre, after moving from one loft to another. There are now thirty-eight off-Broadway theatres in New York. This one, the thirty-ninth, proves the strength of the effort made to create an artistic underground to counter the pres-

ent commercial and conventional values. Many personal sacrifices nourished this now flourishing activity divorced from commerce. These small groups, long dedicated to basic research in the theatre, often now in turn nourish a Broadway suffering from an anemia caused by the commonplace. The Becks say: "the theatre is love, dream, ritual, poetry, prose, reality. It is a place of intense experience . . . it is a place where the spectator must participate by feeling and comprehending. It is more than entertainment. It is life itself . . ."

The most fascinating aspect of life in New York is this artistic underground. Lofts are rented to give exhibitions of paintings, concerts, films, readings, lectures and jazz sessions. They are advertised only by word of mouth. The crowds who attend these Loft events are marked by a particular attentiveness, a deeper interest.

One of the Loft sessions was a Symposium of Modern Music. Faced with the highly overabstract music of John Cage and his European parallels, the crowd not only listened with absorption but demanded afterwards that the composers make clear their intent. A young Swede newly arrived in the United States heard this music on Second Avenue, threaded his way between hoboes and bar-leaners, and came up to join the group. Coming out with Eve and her friends he commented: "This is an America we never hear about." This is what Eve has always called the Hidden Face of America, the one Europeans would love and understand.

From over-distilled sounds to the best jazz in town, the Five Spot on Cooper Square. The crowd is the one which does not wish to encounter the peepers and spectators who watch others in Village cafes. The waiters are mostly artists and musicians. Eve and her friends tried to divine their professions. In the group was Maxwell Geismar, the historian of American literature now preparing a collection of his reviews. When asked if he were a painter the young waiter answered: "No, I am a writer, but I write something which wouldn't interest you. I'm an avant-garde writer."

At the bookshop two books were placed in EVE'S hands: *Justine* by Lawrence Durrell, and *My Father, My Son,* by Edward G. Robinson, Jr.

Justine is an exceptional adventure into intimate experience, a

love affair with characters rarely encountered in modern fiction and with the sensuous beautiful city of Alexandria. *Justine* has the deep, warm colors of a Chagall painting and an intoxicating use of language. The blending of humor, skillful analysis, poetic descriptions with realism and surrealism, gives it the smoky, mysterious, enticing quality of multiple dimensions . . . a voyage to the antipodes of experience. The threads weave in and out as richly as oriental tapestries, as intricate as oriental cities, but

with sudden sharp moments of revelation in the development of relationships which brings them into the focus of our daily experiences among those concerned with moments of truth.

My Father, My Son is almost at the opposite pole. It is a document of the tragedy of people who cannot relate to each other, who fumble and stumble through all the distortions and errors of non-love and non-understanding. The story is an ancient tragedy of failed relationship between parent and child in the modern setting of Hollywood. The unfulfilled demand for total love creates revengefulness, the theme of modern delinquency. It is the environment of Hollywood which contributes to the disaster through its intimacy-destroying publicity which makes caricatures of relationships. The book arouses compassion for both parents and child. The ultimate tragedy is the boy's inability to find his own identity so that he can withstand defeats and emptiness. The obsession with retaliation and destruction takes the place of the creation of a world in which he could live. In these two books the two worlds oppose each other . . . one rich, magic, full, the other empty and destructive. Robinson, Jr. has been able to create compassion for the displaced person who lacks a passport to an inner life.

Parties . . . at the Barrons, where through a soundproof window in their living room one looks upon the science-fiction room of electronic machines. . . One sees first of all Geoffrey Holder, the dark dancer who looks like a Giacometti statue, elongated into supreme grace, so tall that at times he walks into a room with his hands outstretched like those of a blind man, making way for himself as if delicately creating enough space so he will not collide with anyone . . .

James Leo Herlihy sat Buddhist fashion in a corner of the room. His play *Blue Denim* (written in collaboration with William Noble) is being rehearsed. Jim is a handsome young man who could act the hero of his own plays. . . He has the tense, swift rhythm of New York. His many-faceted talk rushes out in dizzying improvisations with a casual elegance and facility which suggests one of the

titles of his plays, *A Breeze from China*, but which is of the purest American flavor and origin.

Joseph Campbell, author of "A Hero With a Thousand Faces", the brilliant historian of mythology, is asserting that mythology expired in the Fourteenth century, but all around him are people speaking familiarly in the new mythology learned from the constant translation of dreams. In this room, at this party, symbolism is a familiar guest. The women assert it in their dressing. The symbolism of women's dressing has been recorded so lovingly by the novelists. Proust gave ten pages to the resemblance between Odette's negligees and the flowers she surrounded herself with through the Paris winters. D. H. Lawrence, without knowledge of fashions, liked his heroines to wear magenta stockings in times of crisis! And a film star known to Eve owned a multitude of hats she never wore. These hats, properly perched on stands as in all women's dreams of an actress' wardrobe, were never taken down. They required too much audacity. They demanded that a role be played to its maximum perfection. So each time she reached into the joyous hat exhibit, looked at the treasured hats, she took again the little skull cap, the unobtrusive page and choirboy cap... The moment when her small hand hesitated, lavishing only a caress over the arrogant feather, the challenging upward tilts, the regal velvets, the labyrinthian veils, the assertive gallant ribbons, the plumage and decorations of triumph, was it self-doubt which reached for the tiny skull cap of the priest, choirboy and scholar?

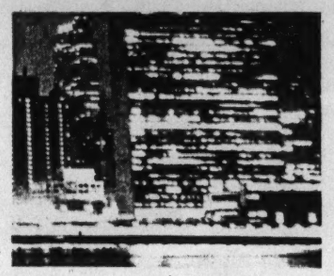
There is a distinction between colorless dressing and dressing to express character, a mood, the richness of a personality. The

true art of dressing originates from a knowledge of one's identity, an awareness of moods, a care for the eloquence of the body as well as of words. It is inseparable from the art of relationship or the art of living. A choice of scarf, a style of hair, the form of a shoe, a certain color, can play

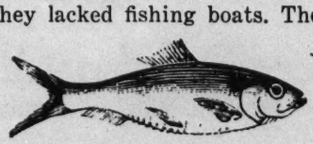
this lyrical note which reveals a woman's inner riches. The art of dressing in life is no less valuable than the art of dress on the stage. Eve is not a spectator watching a fashion parade. She knows that even among textiles, she must choose with a feeling for the motifs and patterns of her life, to match the inner meaning.

The way Jean Erdman, the modern dancer, stood in the middle of the Barrons' room distinguished her from all other women. There was a plumb-line perfection in her standing which made other women seem to have collapsed inwardly. She achieved what Martha Graham once described as pelvic consciousness.

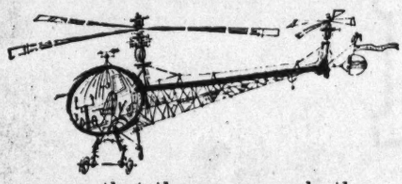
Two kinds of climate are clearly felt in the city of New York. One is the ozonated one which blows from the wide open East River and the United Nations Building. So many windows open upon the world, men



of all races walking up and down the wide, windswept steps, all races meeting in the elevators. The visitors from other cities and other countries who are not sitting at the sessions, wander in the basement into the shops which carry objects from all over the world. An international bazaar, with flutes from Yugoslavia, basketry from Mexico, silverware from India, shawls from Persia, painted wood dolls from Greece, spoons and toys from Bali. And next to it, a unique bookshop—a network of written communication with the whole world: books in every language, on every subject, studies made by the United Nations of people's vital problems of living. America's gift to other countries here is in terms of technology: how to build bridges, how to develop agriculturally, how to organize communities, how to solve problems of food. A simple example of this teaching people to mature economically was the task accomplished by the United Nations representative in Haiti. The Haitians were suffering great poverty, in spite of the fact that their sea contained abundant fish. They lacked fishing boats. They

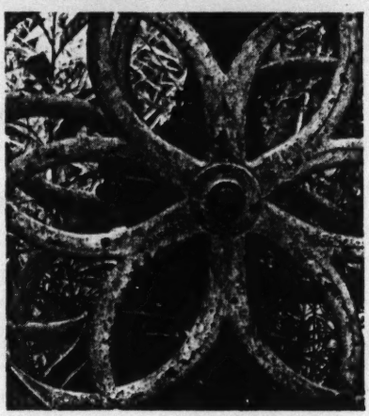


were too poor to construct them. They were helped to build these and to become, ultimately, independent and self-sustaining. It was also an American who discovered that they were painters of marvellous quality; every year Haitian painters are now exhibited in New York. It was he who had a story to tell of what happened during the last floods. American helicopters were picking up people who had been carried out to sea, flying them to Port-au-Prince where they were given a full meal and a new set of clothes. Soon the fliers became



aware that the more people they rescued the more appeared to be swimming in desperate clusters. And soon they realized that many poor Haitians were deliberately throwing themselves into the sea to be rescued, fed and clothed!

Together with this many-colored, many-flagged, this infinite sharing of one's privileges, there also blows upon New York the incandescent climate of jazz. *Not only for our pleasure, not only as the truest art born of America, but as a revivifying influence upon American literature.* Following the war there was in the novel a period which might kindly be described as "dead." The writing was pale and lifeless, without rhythm or vitality. No need to mention the writers. They were bored, listless, and dealing in clichés. But there was another trend. It first revealed itself in writers writing about jazzmen, such as *Really the Blues*, such as *Solo*, Stamford Whitmore's remarkable novel of a jazz musician who clung to his individuality and whom the community destroyed. He carried about a visiting card printed with: "I am the last of the individuals". He was not the last. He was probably one of the jazzmen who was to influence our literature. Twenty years ago John McPartland wrote a long prose poem which was used in the film *Wild Party*. It was not noticed then, but the stylized beauty of it is apparent today. In



Kerouac's book, *The Open Road*, the lyrical passages have a primitive beauty. All of them are *alive*. The basic research in American writing does not lie in surrealism, or in the flat, dull realism of conventional novels, but in this original language born of jazz, which has the tempo of American life, its rhythm, its vitality and colorfulness. The resistance to it, to its artistry, its uniqueness, only comes from a fear of freedom, the fear of individuality which has tried to make writing an anonymous functional utility. New York is experiencing the influence of a climate which blows from the West Coast...

In the next issue, EVE will explore various personages, dimensions and many of the fresh new activities that go on apace on the West Coast.

a pen, a bottle of ink and thou

BY JEROME BEATTY, JR.

Cartoonist Leo Garel has drawn enough wedding ceremonies to know how most magazines want it done.

Didn't you comb your hair? And look at your shoes! And that suit...!

ONE of our best cartoon artists had a gag published not long ago depicting a gentleman tying his wife, or girl friend, to the railroad tracks.

"At last," she screams, "I see you in your true colors!"

To me, this is a symbolic drawing. American womanhood is lashed to the tracks, tied there by the editors of the big, so-called mass magazines. Pretty soon a train is going to come along. There's a peculiar split in our national personality which forces us to kneel in reverence before sacred institutions such as motherhood, childbearing, security of the home, love, culinary skill—and yet allows us to ridicule them unmercifully. We are permitted no searching analysis of our worship of the new automobile, of our intolerance of unusual beliefs or behavior, of our ignorance of other countries and their peoples; but there is no objection to attacking that which we are supposed to honor most: our women.

Through the widely read and disseminated magazine cartoons is one way we accomplish this. The psychology behind it is more than I can cope with here, but this constant degredation of the females in our society can be stopped, if the victims would only rise up and object. Personally, I don't see why you girls stand for it. As the well-known cartoonist, F. B. Modell, says:

"It's not so bad that a man is a henpecked male in a cartoon, but that he is a henpecked male in *every* cartoon."

A current cartoon in one of the biggest magazines shows the husband talking to his young wife in the kitchen as she prepares dinner:

"I know a small, out-of-the-way place where we could get a delicious dinner—it's called 'mother's'."

The cooking ability of the women is one of the favorite targets of the cartoon editors. Next comes the female talent for fouling up the check book or the budget; this is done by spending more than the poor man can earn, or by overdrawing at the bank. She can easily balance such complications by a continual pestering of the guy to go ask for a raise, and since he has never yet gotten a raise (in the world of cartoons) she hits him with a rolling pin when he gets home.

All women aren't messing up things at home, you know. Many of them have jobs. They are secretaries wearing tight sweaters, and losing correspondence in the file, usually because they have their lunches there, under L,

Do Most Cartoons Reflect the Way Men Really Feel About Women?

The sexless wife and the sexless marriage, as Earle Levenstein thinks most mass magazines would like to depict them.

Yes, sir. Wine and song, that's all a man needs.

Doris Mathews, a woman cartoonist, tries in a subtle way to show the readers of EVE *how the entire issue can be thrown into confusion.*

Well, naturally, it was just like a woman—I am a woman.

of course. Naturally, the boss and the business struggle along miserably under these circumstances.

The fact is that women don't take anything very seriously, whether it be the job or the home. Marriage itself is a real joke, cartoon-wise. The proposal is a lot of baloney, and whether it is accepted or rejected it is done in a way that makes the male look like a fool. The wedding is a simple affair, because the bride usually answers for the groom when the vows are spoken; on the way down the aisle they can easily break into fisticuffs, or else one of her old boy friends will cause some trouble. As they are driven away from the church, the bride's mother comes into the conversation. If not, the newlyweds will surely find her at their new home when they arrive there. (Brides never change out of wedding clothes after the ceremony in cartoon life.)

Cartoon couples suffer through a variety of troubles during their married life, most of them the fault of the wife. This is easily explained, because when she was single the girl was a pretty bad example. She probably was a gold digger of one sort or another. It's for sure that she was deliberately going out with a rich and elderly man just for his money. If not, she was perched on a bar stool somewhere with a young girl friend trying to pick up some fellows. In the summertime she is out in the middle of the water pretending to drown so the lifeguard will rescue her.

Oh, they are a devious lot, these females! Married or unmarried, they pose a terrible threat. For all their mean and overpowering temperaments, in real life they exhibit a rather curious streak of timidity. I am referring to the fact that they don't seem to fight back. If a magazine published a cartoon making fun of a new deodorant, or of toothpaste, or of the American Legion, or of dogs and cats—there would be hell to pay. Manufacturers, salesmen, veterans, even dogs and cats, would flood the publication with mail. The editors know this, so they are very careful to poke fun only at those who can't or won't retaliate. That leaves women, who haven't yet gotten together and therefore haven't formed a protective association to clear their sex of the bad name being imposed on it.

If women can call for pink refrigerators, for more movies starring Bill Holden, for our boys to come home by Christmas—they can guide the course of cartoon humor.●

Illustrated by John Altoon

The tale of a battle
Neither won nor lost,
Fought by a girl and boy
In the hills of Wales

Lightning and Sweet Grass

BY JOSEPHINE GARSON

EARLY one morning, green-misty and still, Caitlin arose naked from bed and went to the looking glass. Everything was there, to be sure, not a thing was lacking —nor this, nor that, nor these. She gave a nod and went off to wash all of it. This day they would not find her about the house messing with bread, nor snipping dead leaves in the garden, nor calling geese and children. She was fourteen years upon the bough, so to speak, gathering up her juice, and this day she was filled. She put on clean skirts and went to the meadow, and beyond that to the fence and over. She walked the fields until she found the most hated of all her acquaintances, the boy Benjie. Their hatred was famous. Benjie scowled at her,

"Why bring thy dirtiness to my fields? There's plenty other space."

"It's the evil in thy face makes me know the beauty of my own lot," Caitlin cried.

That is how they greeted each other as usual. Their shouting banged crossly into the gullies and profaned all the quiet corners around. They went off to the stream at the edge of the wood like squabbling cubs and screamed the whole land awake.

Soon the sun became hot and fierce and smote Caitlin on the back of her neck so that she waned in her hatred and sat under a tree to cool. Benjie sat by the water. No one spoke a word good or bad for half an hour. Then Benjie said,

"I expect thou carest little for so blacking the bottom of thy skirt?"

And Caitlin said,

"This day I care for nothing, last of all the skirt."

And they waited a long spell in the coolness. Then Benjie spoke again,

"It is a great wide skirt, Caitlin. A very wide one, covering all."

"Aye, it is awkward."

And for half an hour no voice made sounds good or bad.

"Caitlin..." Benjie said then.

"What is't?"

And he studied her clearly, newly.

"Caitlin—what be *under* the skirt?"

"More of myself, same as with thyself."

Benjie grew round eyed and drew near her by rolling on the grass.

"Same as with *my*self, is it? I think not!"

"Something more is under with *my*self and something with *thy*self, is how I meant it."

There was another bit of a silence, broken then by Benjie.

"Now, Caitlin—." He licked his lips and studied his words which were about to be uttered.

"What is it, especially, which is under with thyself?" he asked.

A coolness from the ground came up through the bottom of Caitlin and spread with her blood to the warm edges, slipping itself slyly among her. It was a confusion for sure, the cool and the warm so mixing.

"Well now—" she said, "it could be said—it could be said to be a—a—nest!"

Benjie rolled nearer, rinsing himself in the damp grass.

"A nest?"

"Or—it could be said to be—ah—a sweet-grass basket!"

Benjie faced her now sitting on his heels, hands upon his surprised knees.

"Ah? So? A sweet-grass basket?"

And then dubiously,

"Perhaps."

Caitlin looked down from his eyes.

"Aye," she said softly. "Perhaps."

"Caitlin—"

"Aye—"

(Continued on next page)

"Let us lift the skirt and discover which is under." And he touched the hem.

Caitlin mixed cool and warm within, but briefly.

"What difference?" she asked warily of her enemy.

"Well, what difference! I would to know, if it were myself, what were under," said Benjie.

"I told thee."

"A nest or a sweet-grass basket. One is one thing, the other quite another."

Caitlin studied it and found herself in dazzled agreement.

"That is true," she said decisively.

Benjie slapped his knees and showered his smiles all about. He touched the hem—and she too. And they lifted the skirt.

Now they found what was under to be not quite either, and yet—Benjie's eyes were as wild birds', fixed and lidless.

"Oh!" he cried. "Ah! It is far finer a thing than either." And his excitement shot sharply under his skin.

"There was never such an enemy, Caitlin. Never such a worthy enemy for my great hatred."

Now for these words Caitlin felt returning the sleepy power of her hate which had lain quiet, felt it washing inside and gathering itself up. But then she guarded against him as he moved near her. She looked smartly in his eye.

"And what, sir, be under thyself while we're about it?"

"Well now—" Benjie drew back.

"It be only fair," said Caitlin. "Tell it."

"Well now—that I am not able."

"Not able?"

"It be no simple matter. It be—beyond the words."

"It be a very rare thing?" asked Caitlin eagerly. Benjie nodded solemnly.

"Near indescribably," he said.

"Well now. Tell something near it, as with a nest or a basket—or—"

"A nest!" cried Benjie. "A basket! Nothing be so far from it. It be nothing so common."

"Common is it!" screamed Caitlin.

Benjie held up a grave hand to silence her.

"Hold—hold. Nor is it so common under with *thee*. It be far rarer a matter than nests and baskets with thee as well."

And he touched the skirt again.

"Let us lift it again," he said hastily.

"Not in the world! Not till I hear from thee what be under with thyself."

Benjie retreated.

"Ah well—I will to do my best. It be rather a—more as a—by the saints, Caitlin, it be beyond the word."

Caitlin was silent and accused him with straight glances.

And Benjie bowed his head angrily for a time.

"Well now," he said finally, "I'll tell thee what, Caitlin. It be—it be—the lightning!"

"The lightning?"

"Aye," said Benjie, "and more."

Caitlin let open her mouth in wonder.

"Under there be lightning?"

He nodded. Then Caitlin touched his trousers skeptically.

"Let us put away the trousers and discover if it be the lightning there."

Benjie jumped up and tore at his clothes.

"Aye," he cried. "That be the best. That be the best proof of all. Now just wait thee—now—there! There!"

And together they beheld what was under to be marvelous indeed, if not quite the lightning.

"For sure," whispered Caitlin, "that be a more rare thing than the lightning. That be worthy for mine enemy."

Benjie stooped again and held his knees.

"Caitlin, my great enemy, take away the skirts, take away all for the sake of honesty and hide no weapon from me."

"And thyself?"

"Myself too," he said. "There is my tunic, away forever, see?"

And he flung his tunic and his sandals after it into the stream so that only the trousers lay in the grass. And Caitlin took away her skirts and took away her blouse and all else. They took note of all and plunged fiercely together in their worst combat so that all the quiet corners around awakened to their cries.

And later, so curiously strong and weary at once, they lay upon the grass by the stream and looked up where the sky was shot with birds and the branches webbed with sky. Finally Benjie spoke.

"For such great fighting as ever tore this ground, I do not mind the losing."

Caitlin looked a question to him.

"Thou lost?"

"Lost all, for sure, in my greatest battle. Never I hated so. Never I lost so."

"I won myself?" asked Caitlin.

"Aye, from me."

"Oh, no," cried Caitlin. "I believe the same. It is *I* who lost. I felt the losing, I knew of it in the battle. But I minded nothing. *I* lost for sure. Thou hast won from me."

"No, no, Caitlin! I lost! On thee it is, the winning."

And so they argued, neither certain of the losing nor the winning, and they fought again but surely it was the same, both lost and both won, which any man knows is impossible. It grew late and they arose, grass-covered and half numb, and went out of the wood. They parted silently at the fence where Caitlin went over, through the meadow and home. She called in the geese and called in the children, for it was near noon and she went to the kitchen to help her mother with the meal.

At the meal Caitlin seated herself so as to look out over the field, and she stared so, letting the food waste, that her mother took concern for her health, and her father scolded her.

"I heard it today," said her father, "fighting again with that Benjie. It was the worst ever. One will kill the other, that's what. And she'll be the dead, before her time, and never even kissed, that's what."

Her mother sighed and looked near helpless against the mad ways of her daughter.

"Never even kissed." She sighed.

"Now," her father said lowly and threatening, "there'll be no more to the fight. Thou art a woman nearly and needed in the kitchen and need be looking to a man and no fighting goat who'll kill thee afore he knows it's a woman."

Caitlin looked to him for a game and said cleverly,

"My father be a man of honor and reason, I am told."

"Aye!" shouted the father. "To the death for honor!"

"And what," asked Caitlin, "would my father do in a battle of honor where there be no winner and no loser? Neither of the two? What then?"

The father laughed.

"A battle with no winner and no loser! There be no such thing."

"Aye," said Caitlin wisely, "there be one."

"Well, it be the first. Where is't?"

"It be with me," said Caitlin, "and with mine enemy, Benjie."

And she told of the great fight that morning in the wood, forgetting to mention the tunic in the water, the sandals and skirts off, and lightning and sweet-grass baskets and such unimportant matters.

"And," she said, "mine enemy knows for sure that he be the loser and I know the same for myself. I lost as well. And how ever can one triumph and one lose and the fight be ended if both forever be the loser? Tell me that, my father."

Now that was a sore puzzle even for her wise father or her mystical mother, or for any of the clever children. All were silent for the space of half an hour, not a voice spoke words, good or bad. And her father studied it heavily. After that he spoke gravely.

"Aye. That be a worthy issue. Now I say it must be fought out to the winning end, if it be for the life. And the being a woman need be put off for the time. No battle ends with two losers. It comes again in the next generation. I see that this be a rare issue and needs be fought out honorably till there be a proper winner and a proper loser. That be the way of the battle."

And so it was settled to be fought out again and again, together, perhaps forever, by her and Benjie. And so Caitlin could see in her mind the map of all her days winding to the wood and the stream and the battleground where waited her great enemy Benjie.

And she went to her looking glass to see if she had all for it. She removed her clothes and surely everything was there, nothing lacking, nor this, nor that, nor these. Everything she had gathered while upon the bough and fallen with, so to speak, as the fruit falls—all that. And something more. And she gave it a nod.●

THE LOVERS

BY DENISE LEVERTOV

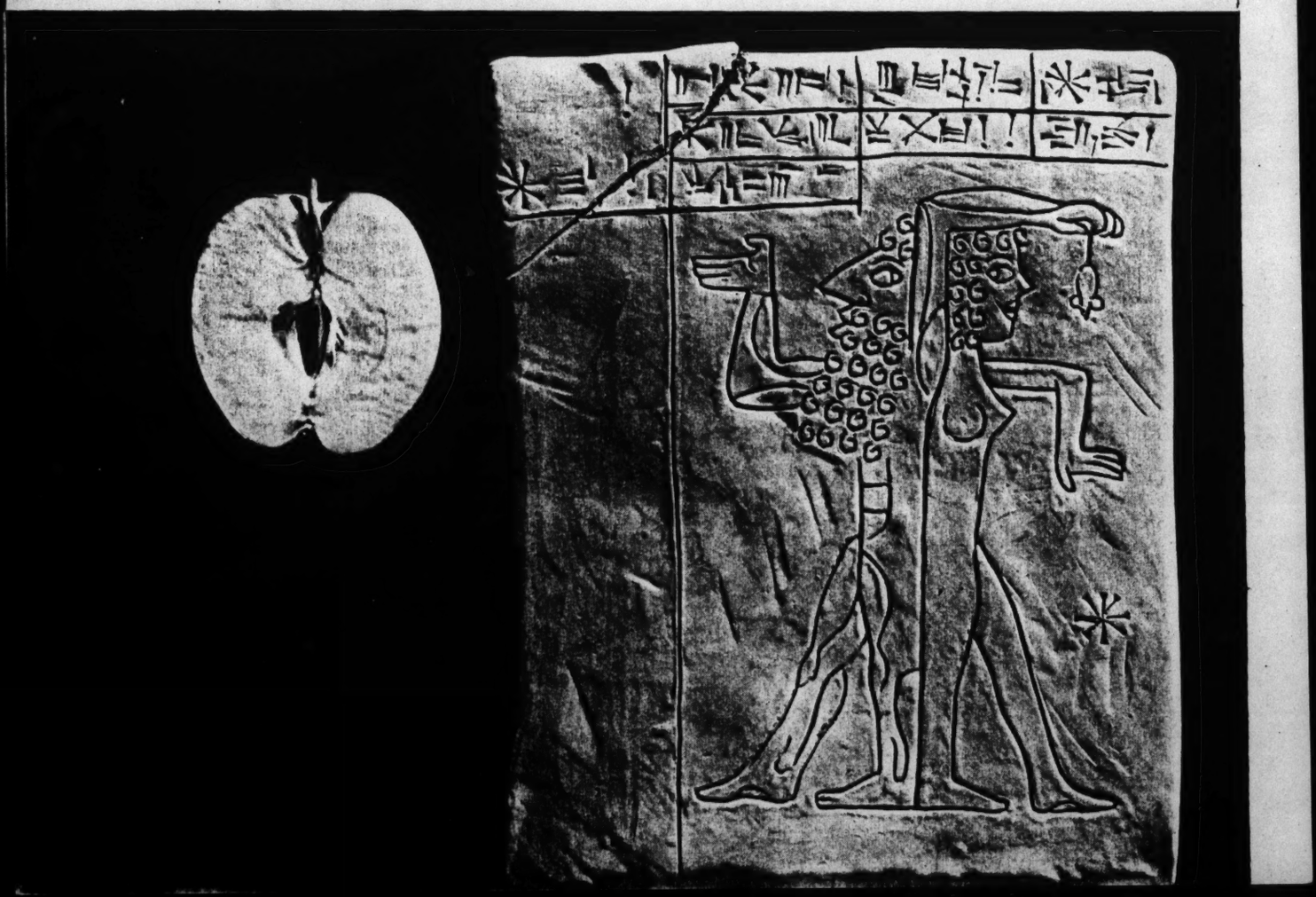
She: Since you have made me beautiful
I am afraid
not to be beautiful.
The silvery dark mirror
looks past me: I
cannot accept its silence
the silence of your
absence. I want
my love for you to
shine from my eyes and hair
till all the world wonders
at the light your love has made.

He: At night, waking alone,
I see you as if in a clear light
a flower held in the
teeth of the dark.
The mirror caught in its solitude
cannot believe you as I believe.

(Taken from "Here And Now" by Denise Levertov, p. 23, from the Pocket Poets Series: Number Six; The City Lights Pocket Bookshop, San Francisco)
© 1957 by Denise Levertov.

THE NEW DEAD SEA SCROLLS

Just Unearthed from the Cradle of Civilization, the Delta Tablets Disclose an Ancient Creation Tale: In the Beginning, Man and Woman Were One Being, with Both Male and Female Components! Will This Newest Historic Evidence Supersede the Dead Sea Scrolls, the Rib Theory and the Father Image?



BY LAWRENCE LIPTON

(Editor's Note: What follows is taken from notes, translations and commentary of Professor M. Armbruster's report to the Bibliophilical Society of Addis Ababa. The translations from the original text are out of the pre-Sumerian "La-la-atanah," deciphered by Professor Armbruster and said to be unrelated to any presently known language of antiquity.)

Translation:

THE AGE OF THE GREAT INNOCENCE

Then did Ashta fare forth through the four corners of the World Garden seeking that which the gods had promised and found it not. The hedgehog was too thorny, the gazelle too fleet, the elephant too cumbrous, the eagle too (word missing here—"flighty"?), and Ashta wept for loneliness, saying, "Lo, Thou hast promised me an helpmeet and there is none that pleaseth me in all the four corners of the World Garden, and I am sore distraught."

Commentary:

In the Biblical account the Lord brought all the beasts of the field and the fowl of the air to Adam "to see what he would call them" and man gave them all names, "but for man there was not found an helpmeet for him." It is clear from this earlier account that in the original matriarchal document Ashta (literally, man-woman) was androgynous in nature, nevertheless "he" was lonely, seeking a companion which the gods of creation had promised him. Whether this was a dual god like unto Ashta or a heavenly pair after the manner of Jove and Juno is not yet clear from the material so far excavated. The thought suggests itself: if Ashta was man and woman both, combined, why was he-she seeking a companion? The answer to this question was resolved with the discovery of the following tablet.

Translation:

THE TABLET OF THE GREAT AWAKENING

Lo! Ashta cometh then to the River of Recognition which is out of the Primeval Waters and seeth reflected therein that which was from the beginning, and wondereth greatly thereat. For is it not written in the Book of the Ancients, "Lo, hindsight is better than foresight," which being interpreted meaneth, "Look into thine own tent, hunter, ere thou farest forth, for lo, the night cometh and the cold and dark thereof."

Commentary:

What Ashta discovers is the dual man-woman nature of the primeval creation but the discovery brings only puzzlement and more frustration, for, as a contemporary Bushman saying has it, "That which speaketh ever with one voice hath no challenge and no consolation." The word "hindsight" suggests that the sexes were joined at the back, but which sex discovered which is not disclosed in the documents. The Biblical account would seem to suggest that Adam discovered Eve (after the creation

(Continued on Page 44)

This tablet, The Affrighting, is an actual scene from The Night of the Great Separation. The male half of Ashta tries to frighten the female half away by dangling mice before her face (behind him) and by making frightening faces into a mirror, but to no avail (facing page).

The illustrated tablet is the only one of five (comprising the entire Delta Tablet Series) that was photogenic. The other four tablets have been painstakingly pieced together by Professor Armbruster but are so fragmented even in their assembled state that they did not photograph well.

However, Professor Armbruster has kindly given EVE a concise sketch in words of the essence of his astonishing find:

The group of five tablets, hereinafter referred to as the Delta Tablets, tell the story of the dark Night of the Great Separation, wherein Domdom, the Spirit of Darkness and Evil, hovers over the scene while Ashta goes through the Five Stages of Separation. Each tablet depicts one stage.

Tablet I is The Flight. Ashta races at great circular speed through the Earth, the Sea and the Sky, trying to effect a separation by centrifugal force.

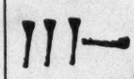
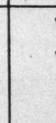
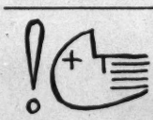
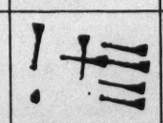
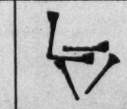
Tablet II: See the illustration.

Tablet III: The Warning: The female half of Ashta retaliates by tossing over her head prophetic documents, such as millinery bills, maternity clothes, hospital bills.

Tablet IV: The Intervention: A cord is described—between the male and female parts of Ashta; Domdom swoops down and cuts the cord with his flaming sword.

Tablet V: The Dream: Whereupon the female half, now designated as Ishtra, konks the male part, still called Ashta, over the head with his own club and he falls into a deep sleep. He dreams he is being deprived of one of his ribs in an illegal operation.

ILLUSTRATED BY ED KYSAR

Earliest Pictographs (3000 B. C.)	Denotation of Pictographs	Cuniform Signs Ca. 1000 B. C.
	Sleep	
See illustration	Asterisk	
	Prophetic Artifact	
	Dangling	
	Deep Sleep	
	Johnny	
	Apple Seed	

YOU know yourself it is no treat watching a fat lady weep and it was for this reason I tried to cure myself. I did like a doctor getting after a disease: he looks for the cause and then he nips the thing in the roots.

I turned the facts over carefully in my head and came up with the idea I needed another husband was the trouble with me. It had been three years since Hugo got into my Ford and drove away.

My Ford.

That's the way it was. He was a brave, reckless, generous, hard-drinking type of a man but I had to do the paying for it. We spent seven years married and during that time he worked three weeks. Three weeks which almost killed him, he said. Hugo was a big, good-looking type of a man which wants a free ride out of life with his wife in the driver's seat but I don't want to go into all that again. Leave it sufficed to say a woman's got to be a wife and not a husband; sometimes she can be a husband but not if she's got to be a wife at the same time. Let us leave it sufficed to say that.

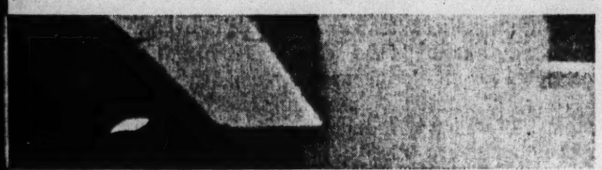
I examined the cause for the weepiness in this doctor-like way and came up with the idea I needed another husband, a real one to be preferred please, no more nothings thanks. That is when I thought of doing the thing I don't brag about, which is namely writing a letter to the ad in the paper. Nothing ever came of it because I couldn't tell the truth in the letter; it looks all right in the flesh when it's dressed up wearing lipstick and all, but on paper the truth is not too inviting.

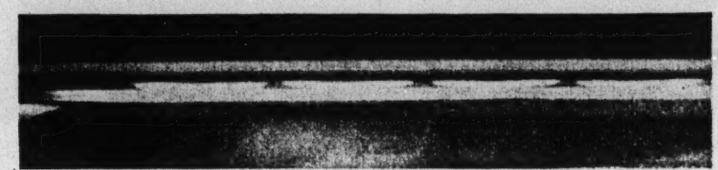
There was no way you could word it.

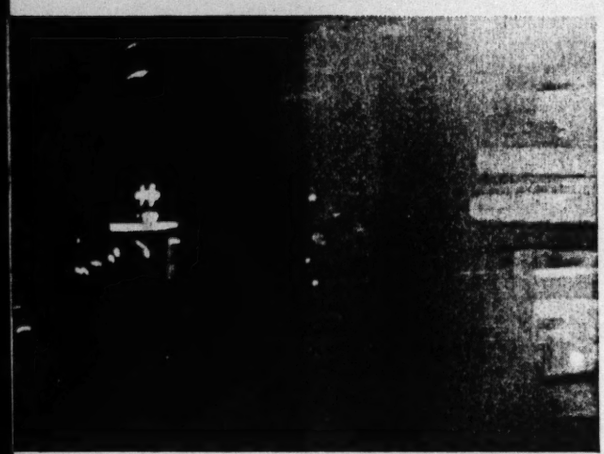
"Dear Sir, I am a lady alone. I have a good disposition and collect as a hobby the poems of Mr. Guest from the daily paper pasting them in a scrap book which I made and decorated myself. (The ad said he liked poetry.) I have a lovely daughter Melody aged six who is also the daughter of a husband which I divorced some time ago because of certain reasons. I am between 30 and 40 as you specify and am considered pretty even though a little chubby . . ."

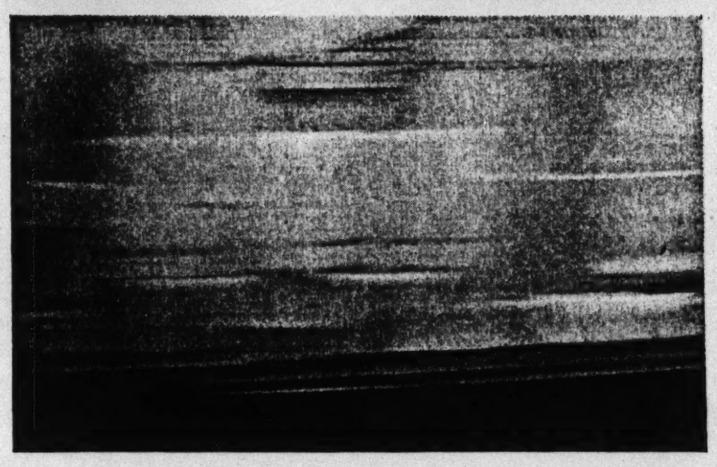
I crossed out chubby and put pleasingly plump, I crossed out pleasingly plump and put overweight, then I put quite fat as a matter of fact, sir, then I tore up the damn letter and said to hell with you, Mr. Dear Sir.

And then I wept some.









PRETTY ON

BY JAMES LEO HERLIHY

a tender exploration of a woman's inability to grow a callus on her heart

It takes more than writing a letter to cure you. For weepiness is a dreadful sickness which I had a serious case of. Writing a letter only picks at the scab. You might as well put a shot of penicillin in the ocean to cure it from being deep.

Last spring things came to a head.

I had been working nights cleaning out doctors' offices. It was my job to dust and straighten up the magazines you look through waiting for your appointment and I swept the floors, mopping them well twice a week. Doctors' offices don't get too dirty except for bandages in the wastebasket and medicine spilled here and there. The best thing was the being all alone and you could sit down and think, or even once in a while I have been known to take a short nap.

In the daytime I took care of my little girl Melody who in the nighttime stayed next door with the lady from the church. I would say Melody is an angel but I am not the kind of mother who says such things of her child. Say she is sweet and pretty and does not look at all like she is going to be fat; say that much and leave it be.

I took care of her in the daytime and did other things in between like sleeping and washing the clothes and collecting the rent from the tenant upstairs. Because of being a landlady there were books to keep and payments to make on the house, something keeping you at it every minute.

The day things came to a head I was doing the weekly wash on the back porch, feeling worse than a sick horse what with a bad headache caused by the shots which are supposed to make you slim and not much sleep to boot; add that up and plenty of work not done, three letters in window envelopes waiting in the mailbox which I was afraid to open because of knowing good and well they were bills. Then Melody started screaming her blonde little head off in the yard.

I looked up to see what she'd fallen into and my hand started running through the wringer. It was up past my wrist before I had the good sense to pull the switch which gets you out of trouble in such cases. I kept on with the washing until my hand started to burn with the pain all the way up to the elbow and felt like there was not one good bone left in it. *(Continued on next page)*

I have said to myself a thousand times, Irene don't weep, but this is no help. Neither is nothing else. Even getting mad is no better. I rested my head on the washing machine for one good weeping fest and the next thing I knew my hair was feeding itself to that blessed wringer.

I was half scalped before my hand pulled the switch again.

I remember sitting down in the middle of the floor with fuzzy thoughts going through my head knowing the mess is too much now to cope with it alone. The wet-wash in the basket was splashed over with blood. The sky was an ornery quiet blue. There was a scream that must have come from me.

Some time later I was in bed and sitting next to me was Mrs. Krangsprush, the lady from the church, telling me about positive thoughts. She had a theory it was the devil pushed my hair through that wringer but I knew I had done it myself without his help. The doctor told Mrs. K. I was not seriously scalped but should take things slow and easy for a few weeks and keep away from the washing machine till my mind was cleared up from the worry.

Melody sat at the foot of the bed looking big-eyed and scared as a rabbit in a trap.

"Your mamma's all right, Melody," I said, giving her a kiss and a squeeze along with it. Mrs. Krangsprush took over Melody and the house duties while I stood in bed for a few weeks, and what with the tenant, Mrs. Bruce, bringing down soup and Boston beans and other things to help out, I laid there getting a helluva good rest and a new birdseye view on things about life. Things like all the sleep I could hold and the two kind neighbor-ladies solving the daily problems.

Melody, too.

She brought me a bouquet from my old-fashioned garden. A few of the flowers had roots hanging on the ends of them but you don't bawl a little child out when they're giving you a gift. We talked flowers, I not knowing much about them but making up names for them and telling white lies when she asked whether they had mothers and fathers.

"The papas," I said to her, "are bumblebees." Then I thought I better change the subject. She liked best the one I called a buttercup though I do not know what it really was except it was definitely not a dandelion. I rubbed her nose with one of the petals and told her now she would always be beautiful because of the curse of the buttercup; there would be nothing she could do about it, I said, for beautiful and slender she would always be. She giggled as kids will when kidded and so pretty soon I felt good and was up walking around.

Best of all, was I knew what to do about my big problem of getting a husband. The answer had come to me one morning between dawn and breakfast when all you think about is how quiet and good-smelling the world is, and what you dreamt of in the night. I wrote a certain letter. Only it was not to any ad in the paper placed there by any distinguished bachelor. A few days later the answer to it was in the box along with the reminder from the gas company.

"Melody," I said that night at dinner when Mrs. Krangsprush was sitting at the table too..."Melody, we're goin' for a long bus ride, you and your mamma."

"When?" You could tell she was tickled pink. "When we goin', Mamma?" She did not care where, either, just so it was quick. That's kids.

"Soon as we get packed up and settled here."

Mrs. Krangsprush was all ears. "Why, Irene, what in heaven's name you going to do?"

"I've got me a job at the army post upstate."

I said it in such a way that she knew my mind was made up firm. Mrs. K. was one to raise objections to any notions that did not come from herself and so she frowned for a minute not swallowing the bite of food that was on her tongue. I know now she was either a saint or out of her head but it was blessed to have her on hand for Melody in those tough times. Still there are things a woman decides for herself and this getting a husband from somewhere was in the front of my head. The God Mrs. K. talked about would not like the idea of me, a full-bloomed lady, going to waste. A lot of good men were in the army and I figured there would be more to pick from than in the vestibule of the church on Sunday morning where they are mostly all married to start out with. And so my mind was made up.

Mrs. Krangsprush choked down that bite she had trouble getting swallowed. "Irene, that's no place for a single lady. There's dangers galore connected with living near soldiers."

But I did not think about it being any danger. It was not likely I would get scalped by any washing machine working at the PX. Two young married people from the church moved into my house paying very cheap rent so they would take good care of the place and Mrs. Bruce, the upstairs tenant, would send me her money-order each first of the month. Mrs. Krangsprush's feelings were hurt a little but she helped me with arranging for the trip.

Three weeks later I and Melody took the midnight bus out of town headed north and I felt the good feeling of knowing I had taken things in my own hands and had not bawled for a long time. I with the sloppy heart like an old grapefruit that has been bounced around ever since it fell off the tree was doing something that would lick the weepiness forever.

The bus was crowded with mostly soldiers. Melody sat on my lap. I was hoping there would be some older fellows than these up at the post because of not wanting to feel like a mamma to the man I got married to. The driver turned the inside lights off. Melody sat still and was happy just looking out the window. The little soldier on the next seat nuzzled his face into my shoulder and slept. I let him. It was a starry night like a poem. We passed a big lake where you could see lights across the water making a reflection. Melody kept saying how everything was pretty on the bus at nighttime and I was glad she had a good eye for all that beauty. If kids her age have dreams she probably dreamt that night. So did I.

The next three days were hell.

I had to be asked questions by three officers, not to speak of one civilian lady and a doctor's examination. Then it was forms to fill out. At least dozens.

And where to live.

I by accident luckily enough ran into Agnes, a soldier's wife. Her I met in the little town half a mile from the post where there was a drugstore soda fountain. I and Melody were eating lunch and Agnes was smoking while Marvin, her little boy, ate ice cream. Agnes had brownish hair like mine but not combed even though she was pretty enough and otherwise slender, I might even say skinny. We got to talking. First about the kids. I made over her Marvin and vice versa till pretty soon the talk got around to where was I going to live.

Another hour and I had an apartment of my own in the same court just off the main street where Agnes' place was. It had a bathroom and a living room that turned into a bedroom at night, plus on one end a place to cook food. The other ladies in the court were all

married to different soldiers from the post and they had what is called a child pool where you watch all their kids one day a week and they take turns with you. My day was Sundays.

Being settled was a good feeling.

A good feeling until I turned out the lights that night to get some sleep before the big day of beginning work and then I did some weeping with the lights out because of it being a strange place and not like home and the feeling of being not connected with where I was or anything else much, a lady alone with hard work in front of her and no real grounds for hoping things would get better.

Hugo, why did you have to be such a louse? It wouldn't have killed you to get a job and do a little supporting of those who loved you, namely me and Melody. Then I would be laying in your bed asleep by this time. All right, Hugo, you go to hell even though I loved you a lot. Too much if the truth was known.

Yes, I did weep some that night, even with thinking about old Krangsprush and her positive thoughts and I wondered if positive thoughts was enough to get a soldier interested in me and Melody; sure, they'd all be wild about her but that was not the problem exactly even though it helped some. Well, here I was and there she was right next to me already asleep. Goodnight, Melody. I kissed her.

Now an army post has got a good number of PX's, but the one they put me behind the counter of was for the men in the hospital. I and another lady worked it alone selling all kinds of articles from candy, tobacco, jewelry, even to cameras and other souvenirs, pillow covers that either said "U.S. Army" on the top of them in embroidery or else they said "To My Mother."

The other lady was almost as skinny as Agnes and she was the frowning type that makes everything more serious than you give a darn for if you have got a sense of humor. Which I have. The men that came to me ended up by laughing before they left the counter—it was a kind of a game I played. If they was in a sour mood I worked on bringing them out of it. That way I and they had a circus between us whether it was toothpaste they were after or aspirin.

In the afternoon it was up to me to sit in a little booth in the recreation hall upstairs passing out ping-pong bats and doing what I could to help the ones that wanted to kill time. I and one of the up-patients name of Charley played Chinese checkers and generally got along like old pals, him calling me Irene by my first name right from the start.

The next afternoon Charley brought two friends of his upstairs to the rec hall and we played some pinochle. Those up-patients were a special thing, almost like a big party. No heavy eyebrows to speak of and nobody's sickness sticking out like any crucifix. There is something about getting shot up or otherwise laid low that shows a man how to laugh longer and louder than anybody else.

There was one man that laughed with everything he had except his eyes. His eyes sat still as if even while a thing was being funny, it was mostly not funny. He was a long, lanky sergeant name of R. D. Burklemaster, a mountain man from North Carolina, and the R.D. was a big secret what with nobody knowing what it stood for. Charley called him Roister Doister.

I and R. D. were partners for a few hands and did a lot of looking back and forth across the table. There wasn't anybody taking the cards serious so we barked at each other for making the wrong plays and generally speaking hit if off quite swell.

In bed that night with the lights off I thought some more about Roister Doister, wondering how the Maker ever dreamed up such an ugly face to put on top of that stack of bones. I could see him walking around in his hills where he came from, sticking out higher than any pine tree, just walking along leading with his face. I could see him all alone at the top of a mountain, laughing, even with nobody else around, and cocking his big red ear, quick so he can catch the echo. Laughing good and loud, too, except for his eyes.

* * *

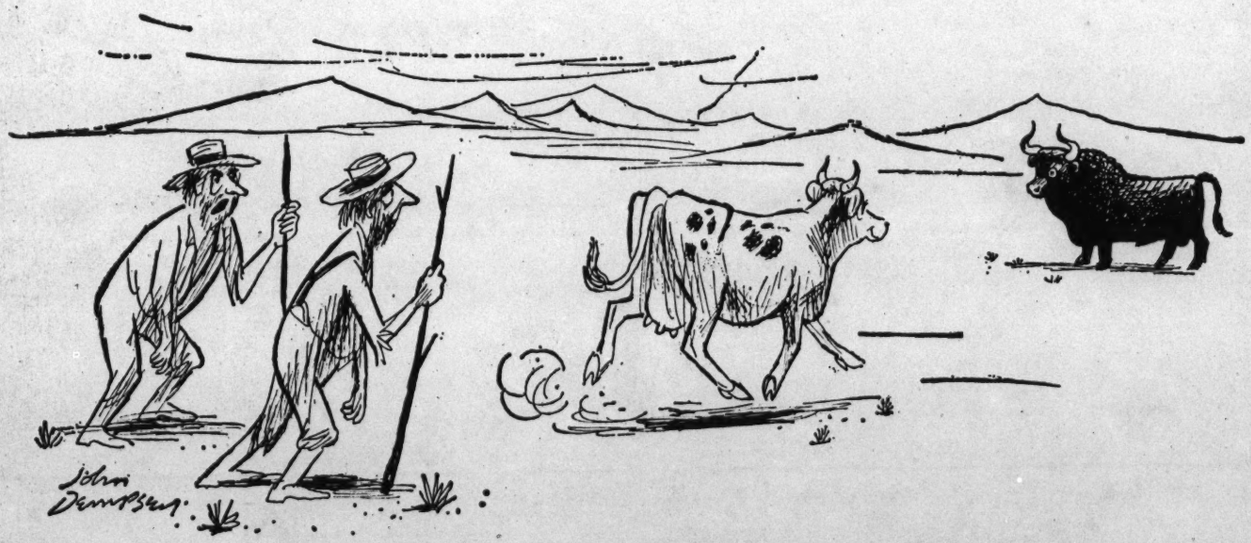
At work the next morning I heard a deep voice come from up around the ceiling somewhere and I knew it was the sergeant.

"Hello, sergeant," I said to him, looking up.

"Hello, Irene," he said to me, looking down.

He bought a ten-cent package of razor blades and stood around for a minute trying to think up something to say. I made small talk about it being almost summer.

(Continued on Page 30)



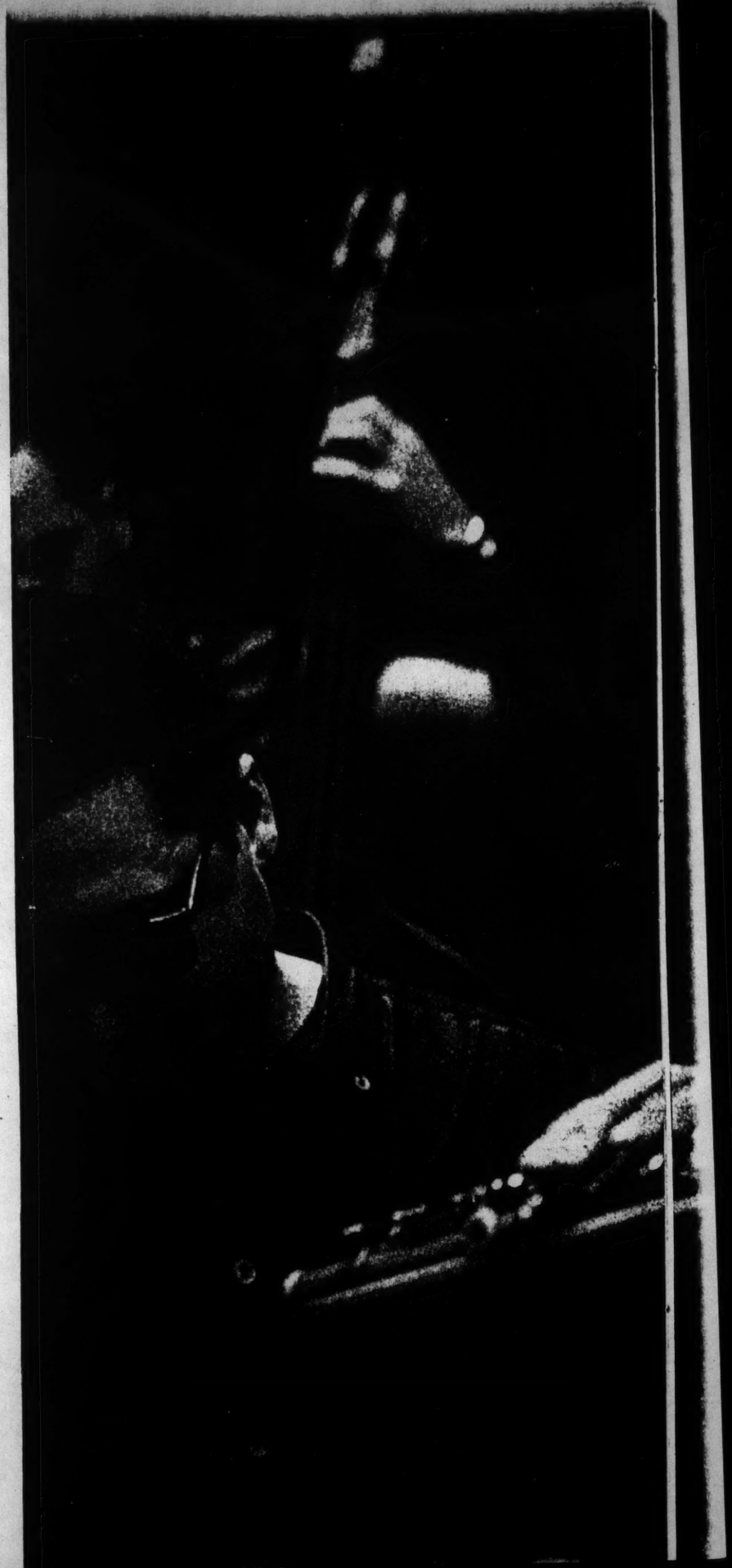
So, all we have to do is follow her and she'll lead us to water, hey?

marriage of the muses or shotgun wedding?

Modern jazz plus poetry. The two arts have been flirting with one another since the very beginning of jazz music, but only recently has the romance blossomed into what some are calling a happy marriage and some a miscegenation. However, the controversy, instead of halting the nuptials, has only served to highlight the affair. Poetry, for centuries a vocal art allied with music, became predominantly a printed art for silent reading with the advent of the printing press. Recently radio and phonograph recordings have made poetry once more an art for the ear.

In 1956 modern poetry and jazz experiments were tape-recorded in Los Angeles. Shelly Manne, the great jazz drummer, worked with Actors Larry Thor, William Conrad and Poet-Novelist Lawrence Lipton. In the Spring of 1957 Poets Kenneth Rexroth and Lawrence Ferlinghetti began their jam

(Continued on Page 28)



Ralph Peña, bass; Shorty Rogers, trumpet; Katie Lee, guest vocalist, and Buddy Collette, flute.

POETRY & JAZZ

sessions at The Cellar in San Francisco's North Beach. By this time experimental sounds in Los Angeles were proceeding with Jimmy Guiffre sitting in, and later Buddy Collette. Meanwhile Poet Kenneth Patchen was working with the Chamber Jazz Sextet in Palo Alto and breaking all attendance records at the Blackhawk, home base of Dave Brubeck's combo in San Francisco. In Chicago, Disk Jockey Ken Nordine was combining the spoken word, a kind of "word jazz" with the compositions and jazz cello of Fred Katz and the Chico Hamilton group.

In December, 1957, poetry and jazz took to the concert hall. A West Coast Poetry and Jazz

Festival, dedicated to the memory of Dylan Thomas, utilized the talents of Shorty Rogers, Bill Holman, Ralph Peña, Marty Paich, Larry Bunker. A special group including Buddy Collette, Red Mitchell, Bud Shank, Barney Kessel and Dennis Budimir, led by Fred Katz, was presented at the Los Angeles Jazz Concert Hall.

The concerts featured the appearance of Kenneth Rexroth and readings by Poets Stuart Perkoff and Saul White and Actors Frank Evans and Gerald Reynolds. Later in the month Kenneth Patchen and the Chamber Jazz Sextet appeared at the Hall. The honeymoon, at least, of the poetry and jazz muses was off to a swinging start.

Red Mitchell and Ralph Peña back Poet Kenneth Rexroth blowing his own translation of a Chinese poem.

Bill Holman, tenor sax; Kenneth Rexroth, voice, and Shorty Rogers, trumpet, wind up a set.

PHOTOS BY WILLIAM CLAXTON

Kenneth Patchen lolls backstage before going back on again with the Chamber Jazz Sextet.

Larry Thor, actor; Shelly Manne, drummer; Larry Lipton, producer and director of L.A. concerts.

Red-haired Saul White flipped the patrons with a swinging rendition of his own poem, One to Five.

Actor Gerald Reynolds reading a Kenneth Patchen poem, Fall of the Evening Star. *Piano Marty Paich.*

PRETTY ON THE BUS *(Continued from Page 25)*

That is how things got more or less started between I and the sergeant. In the evening Melody stayed with Agnes while I met R. D. at the three-two cellar which is below the main floor of the rec hall, a place where the soldiers drink ten-cent beer that does not do much in the way of getting them drunk. I wore the dress that hides fifty pounds and put on some fresh lipstick. Judging from the flattery those fellows passed out I must have been looking not bad.

"Where's your glass?" said R. D. We were sitting at a long table, him across from me.

"No beer, thanks."

"Don't thank me, Irene. You're buying."

"I know, sergeant. That's why I'm not drinkin'."

"Strictly hard licker, gal?"

We had a swell time and I was learning to play up to that ugly poker face.

On the next Sunday the sergeant got a pass and came over to the court where I was taking my turn looking after Melody and the other kids. He knew which one was mine without even stopping to guess. After the sun went down I opened a few cans and made what we ate look like home cooking what with a little touching up. Melody was backward at first about talking to the sergeant, she was scared of him being so tall; then there was his face, too, which you don't see the like of every day. Finally she said to me:

"Mamma, is he the tallest man in the world?"

"I guess he is, honey," I said, winking at the sergeant.

"Nope," he said, "there's one taller."

"Who?" says Melody with her eyes bugging.

"Don't know the fella's name. They got him in jail."

"What for?"

"Bent down and kissed the moon one night. The moon's husband had him run in."

Melody was still thinking about the poor, old moon when I put her to bed an hour later.

"Who's the moon's husband?" she said.

"I'll ask him," I said, "and tell you in the morning."

Then I and the sergeant went for a walk.

"We *could* go to the movies tonight," he said, " 'cept for one thing . . . I'm embarrassed."

"Financial?"

"Yep."

Then we went to the movies. It was Betty Hutton having quintuplets and not doing so much clowning, but it was good. He held onto my hand except during the newsreel when they showed the Korea pictures and then he just held his own knees.

After the show I could tell he had beer on his mind but what with not having any paydays as yet and the trip costing more than was sensible, I was running a little short myself. But I knew Mrs. Bruce, the upstairs tenant, would be sending her check along in a day or two and I could borrow it, this once, and skip a payment on the house. After all when a man is in the hospital on account of war and then sees the newsreels and Betty Hutton having all those babies to boot it is some little strain no doubt. We went into a noisy place where he had three beers and I some gingerale.

He did some talking. He said he was a salesman when they did not have wars going on and made a lot of money. His sick daddy in the mountains ate up the best part of his army pay. Somebody on the enemy side of the war had shot him in the chest. He showed me the scar and said the doctor had clipped out one of his lungs.

By the time a month went by I and the sergeant got to be quite a habit. Irene, you look like a gal's in love, says the skinny lady behind the counter. Careful of that lanky one, Irene honey, says Agnes, he looks like he'd take a lady for a ride. Shut up, Agnes, says Agnes' husband, Irene knows what she's doing. You a little overboard for Roister Doister? says Charley. Where's your big sergeant, Irene? says the corporal at the gate when I go through alone one night.

I guess it showed.

There was me caught in this cyclone that usually happens to ladies slightly younger and somewhat skinnier, but liking it too much to care or think it over much. We go for a boat ride on the big lake of a summer Sunday, Melody between us, I and Roister Doister kicking the gong around like kids. You and me and Melody, says the sergeant over and over again. You and me and Melody—and the boat comes in, us tireder than hell. We sleep on the bus takes you back to the post. I wake up, the sergeant stroking my face with a couple of his long fingers like I was a puppy not weighing in at no two hundred and sixty pounds and I think all the while how he'd said on the boat. . . You and me and Melody, Irene . . . again and again, happier than an idiot in a sideshow and him with his ugly face sticking up half way to the top of the bus. You could understand how he was always broker this time than the last what with the sick daddy and what-not and besides Melody was in love with him even before I'd thought what happened to me.

It was like he was Hugo and I was a young girl. When he looked at me I felt as pretty and skinny as a statue standing in the middle of a fountain in the park somewhere with colored lights coming off of my skin. And the more I looked at that ugly face of his the better I liked it. I even thought if it ever turned out that a certain thing happened, there might be more going on in his eyes when he laughed good and loud; that scared quiet look that made things not so funny any more might go away for good. It would be like we both got cured on account of I and him getting together.

One Sunday night we put Melody to bed tucking her in like a mamma and papa. The sergeant says I ain't going to the post tonight, Irene, and he bends over to where his lips are like a breeze crossing my face near the eyebrows and I say where you planning on sleeping, Roister Doister?

That town had its Sunday night feeling about it when we walked along toward the edge of it, except in I and the sergeant there was things going on that didn't have nothing to do with Sunday or any other day. I had a feeling like you're riding along in a Carnival Bug, the ride that whips you around corners in and out so fast you're about ten feet ahead of your stomach and when the Bug stops you wait for your stomach to catch up. I had that feeling as we walked along and I liked it, but not knowing what would come of it I worried some, and here's the sergeant's tremendous arm reaching all the way around me at the shoulders and here's my arm hanging onto him at the waist, us walking along like we knew where we was going even though the subject had not been brought up and when we got there I wept.

He says, "The man at the desk thought we were married to each other, Irene."

But that did not stop me weeping, nothing could. Good Christ, you'd wonder where all that salt water comes in from in the first place and I sat there on the edge of the bed knowing it must be piped in from

the ocean or some place wishing to hell I could dry up and behave. He lights a cigarette and sits on the bed three feet from me and I think about how being together with somebody is more right than being alone three feet away with a whole war sewed up underneath your scars.

I stopped weeping.

After he turned out the light what happened was a sin but I don't say he's to blame any more than me and whatever it is in the world we try to get from it.

Before dawn the man knocked on the door and said five o'clock, folks, like we'd asked him to do. The sergeant had to be at the post at six and I wanted to get home before Melody woke up. He got out of bed right away without saying a word or touching me and got himself dressed. I was scared. He was not Hugo and he was not hardly even Roister Doister. It was like waking up with a stranger in the same bed and I wondered why he would not even look at me or say good morning to make things easier.

"Good morning, Burk," I said to him.

"Irene, you got some money?"

"In my purse. Get it."

"I got to give him four more dollars."

"Who?"

"The clerk."

He took five dollars from my purse and started for the door.

"What's wrong, Burk?"

"I'll wait for you downstairs." And then he left.

I did not dare start to think or to weep for there would be no shutting it off. I pressed my teeth together and got dressed good and fast and left the room, glad to get that door shut behind me.

He was standing on the sidewalk, leaning against the hotel doorway smoking himself a cigarette. Out of the corner of his eye he could see I was there but he would not look at me. We walked back into the center of town while the sun was coming up and it was more than a mile before he opened his mouth. I will not say what I felt like I was.

"Irene," he says finally, his eyes straight in front of him, "you're a good woman, but I have not done the right thing by you."

"Who says you haven't?"

"I mean like you having to give me the money to pay up the room. That ain't right."

"Don't think about that, Burk," I said to him.

He was just ashamed because of the money, I thought, and it was a relief to believe he was not ashamed of something else. We walked along for another while, him with his eyes about a mile higher than the street.

"Maybe we ought to get married, Irene."

"Maybe so," I said.

"Suppose we better wait till I get outa the army?"

"That's up to you, Burk."

"Then we'd have some money to do it up with."

"You like a big wedding?" I asked him.

"No, but I thought you . . ."

"Not me," I said.

"You want to do the thing right away, Irene?"

"Whatever you say, Burk."

* * *

I kissed Melody on the cheek lightly so as not to wake her up.

Then there was a mirror in front of me and the face looking through it was pretty as anything you see in technicolor and inside of me the sound track would not quit.

How do you do, Mrs. R. D. Burklemaster-to-be, Mrs. Roister Doister from North Carolina. Maybe it is a mountain wife which I will become, carrying wood, drawing water from a well, wringing honey out of a hive of bees, watching Melody grow up in the pinetree sunshine with a man bigger than Abraham Lincoln watching over I and her; or maybe it is a city lady I will remain or maybe we will live in a tent pitched on an iceberg somewhere in the middle of an ocean. Did that make any difference? No, not one hell of a least little bit of a difference.

A week later we had our plans made. R. D. applied for a furlough of fourteen days and they gave it to him. I gave my notice at the PX and phoned home to the lady living in my house downstate. She got the extra rooms ready upstairs and expected the bride and groom a week from Sunday morning. Roister Doister wanted a secret wedding so as to avoid the heckling from all his soldier boy buddies.

That was all right.

I did not care.

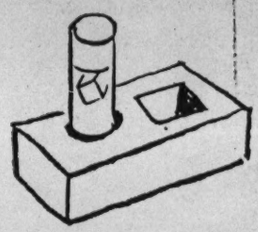
So it was to be a secret wedding in the living room of the preacher. Four o'clock. Saturday afternoon. R. D. was embarrassed to borrow the eighty-four dollars from me which I had held out once again from the payment on the house. He kept saying maybe we had ought to wait till he could pay for the thing himself and do it up, but I told him, no, Burklemaster, this is a joint thing, we can wait for something else, perhaps, but not for eighty-four dollars; I made him see light and finally he took it without being ashamed.

On the Friday night, the night before the wedding, Roister Doister kissed me hard. He looked at me in the eyes and he wrapped his big arms around me and said in a shaking kind of a voice that was filled with loving me: You are a good woman, Irene.

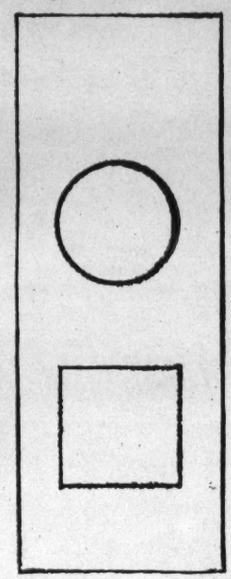
And I wept.

He went through the gate and I stood weeping, not even seeing clear any more through all the being

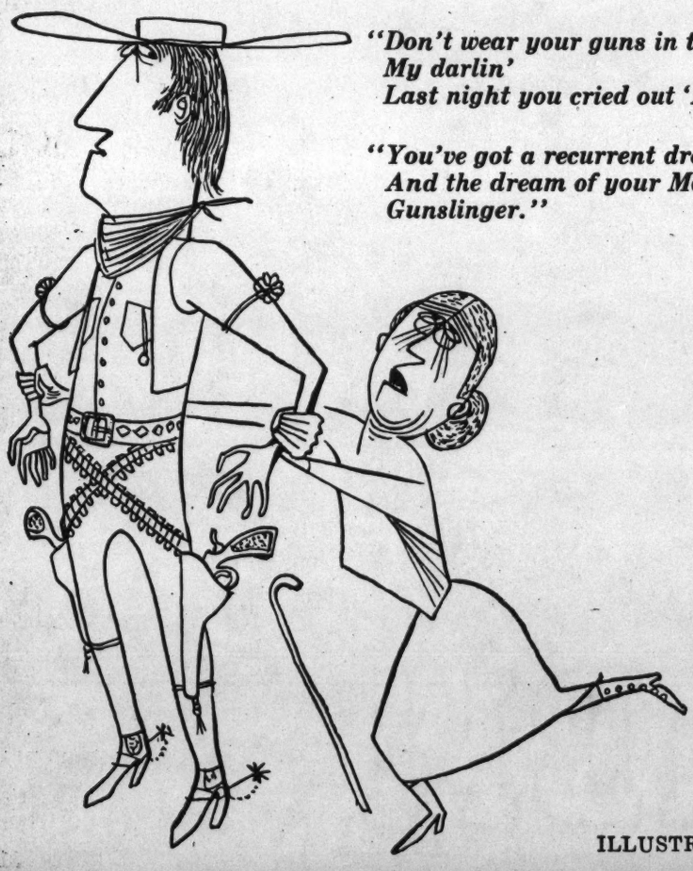
(Continued on Page 46)



SONGS OF COUCH AND CONSULTATION



VIP Joins the Spoof on Psycho-Jargon:



"Don't wear your guns in town today,
My darlin'
Last night you cried out 'Mother, dear'

"You've got a recurrent dream in your craw
And the dream of your Maw will inhibit your draw,
Gunslinger."

ILLUSTRATED BY VIRGIL PARTCH

"I need a waiter, a waitress or hackey
Who'll promise not to fight back.

"Oh, there must be a chump
On whom I can dump
My repressed hostility blues."

[illegible] you've heard the new album "Songs of Couch and Consultation," you'll want to know that the bits of lyrics shown here were written by Bud Freeman, who also wrote (same disc) "The Guilty Rag" and "Real Sick Sounds."

Leon Pober composed the music, which was arranged and conducted by Bob Thompson. Freeman produced the whole shebang, which is the most perceptive commentary yet on psychiatric jargon loosely used. All the songs are copyrighted by Vickers Music.

Katie Lee, the singer, had never before tried anything of the nature of these "Songs." Being a true EVE, however, she tackled the new stuff and the result is a highly varied and sprightly performance. Her "Gunslinger" is a real "adult western."

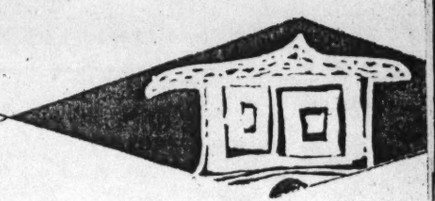
Hush little Sibling, close your eyes
Mama will have you analyzed.
Daddy found something very new
We're gonna try it out on you."

"One day I'll be properly loved.
Though it is hard to suit me,
I'll be a woman, warm and kind.
A living doll if love will just transmute me."

Photo by Val Telberg

THE SOLAR BARQUE

By Anais Nin

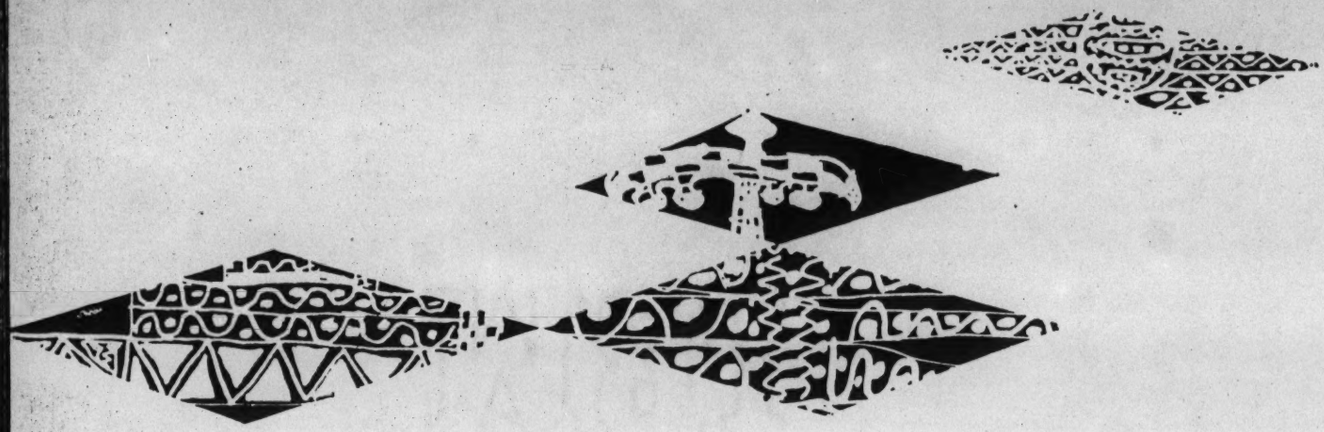


(The following is a chapter excerpted from Anais Nin's new novel, *The Solar Barque*, which will be published this Spring. The synopsis is provided by the author. Readers familiar with her previous books will recognize Lillian.)

Lillian is an American jazz pianist who comes to a Mexican city to fill a nightclub engagement. She is temporarily separated from her husband and children. She is seeking a new life, and the pleasure city seems to offer forgetfulness of the past. She meets a Mexican Doctor Hernandez who uncovers the secret life of the city, of the people around her, and her own. She meets other fugitives from the past, a boy called Christmas, a failed painter Diana, a beauty queen, a violinist, an archeologist, and discovers that every voyage is one in time—past, present and future. Her voyage out becomes a voyage homeward. The death of the doctor shocks her into a realization that if human beings did not don disguises and postpone confronting the truth they could achieve the true voyage towards the sun.

The swimming pool was at the base of the Hotel, and only about ten feet above the sea, so that it was dominated by the roar of the waves hurling themselves against the rocks. The quietness of its surface did not seem like the quietness of a pool but more like that of a miniature bay formed within rocks which miraculously escaped the boil-

Illustrations by Peter Loomer



ing sea for a few moments. It did not seem like an artificial pool dug into cement and fed by water pipes, but like one of the sea's own moods, one of the sea's moments of repose, an intermittent haven.

It was surrounded by heavy, lacquered foliage, and flowers so exfoliated that they fell of their own weight into the pool and floated among the swimmers like children's boats.

An island of warm, undangerous water in which one man at least had sought eternal repose by throwing himself out of one of the overhanging hotel windows. Ever since that night, the pool had been locked at midnight. Those who knew that the watchman preferred to watch the dancers on the square, and that the gate could be easily leaped over, came to sit there in the evenings before going to sleep. The place was barred to any loud frivolity but open for secret assignations after dancing.

It was also Lillian's favorite place before going to sleep. The gentleness of the water, its warmth, was the lulling atmosphere she had missed when she had passed from childhood to womanhood.

It was the unconfessed need of receiving from some gentle source the reassurance that the world was gentle and warm, and not as it may have seemed during the day, cold and cruel. This reassurance was never granted to the mature. So that Lillian told no one what role the pool played in her life today: the role of the Mexican watchman she heard when she was ten years old and living in Mexico while her father built bridges and roads. The watchman was a figure inherited from the Middle Ages who walked the streets at night chanting: "All is well, all is calm and peaceful. All is well!"

Lillian would wait for his passage before going to sleep. If she had been tense during the day, no matter what catastrophes had taken place in school, or in the street, or at home, she knew that this moment would come when the watchman would walk all alone in the darkened streets swinging his lantern and his keys, crying monotonously, "All is well, all is well and calm and peaceful!" No sooner had he said this and no sooner had she heard the jangling keys and seen the flash of his lantern on the wall of her room, than she would fall instantly asleep.

Others who came to the pool were of the fraternity who like to break laws, who like to steal their pleasures, who liked the feeling that at any time the watchman might appear at the top of the long stairs while they knew his voice would not carry above the hissing sea, and that as he was too lazy to walk downstairs he would merely turn off the lights as if this were enough to disperse the transgressors. Swimming in the darkness and slipping away from the pool in darkness was not as the watchman believed, a punishment, but an additional pleasure.

In the darkness one became even more aware of the softness of the night, of pulsating life in the muscles, of the pleasure of motion. The silence that ensued was the silence of conspiracy, and at this hour everyone dropped his disguises and spoke from some realm of innocence preserved from the corrosion of convention.

The Doctor would come after laying aside his professional valise. He talked as if he wanted to forget that everyone needed him, and that he had little time for pleasure or leisure. But Lillian felt that he never rested from diagnosis. It was as if he did not believe anyone free of pain, and could not rest until he had placed his finger on the core of it.

Lillian now sat in one of the white string chairs which looked like a flattened harp, and played abstractedly with the white cords as if she were composing a song.

The Doctor watched her and said: "I can't decide which of the two drugs you need: the one for forgetting or the one for remembering."

Lillian abandoned the harp chair and slipped into the pool, floating on her back and seeking immobility.

"Golconda is for forgetting, and that's what I need," she said, laughing.

"Some memories are imbedded in the flesh like splinters," said the Doctor, "and you have to operate on them."

She swam under water, not wanting to hear him, and then came up nearer to where he sat on the steps and said: "Do I really seem to you like someone with a splinter in her flesh?"

"You act like a fugitive."

She did not want to be touched by the word. She plunged into the pool again as if to wash her body of all memories, to wash herself of the past. She returned gleaming, smooth, but not free. The word had penetrated and caused an uneasiness in her breast like that caused by diminished oxygen. It was as if the search for truth resembled an explorer's deep sea diving, or his climb into impossible altitudes. In either case it was a problem of oxygen, whether you went too high or too low. Any world but the familiar neutral one caused such difficulty in breathing.

It may have been for this reason that the mystics believed in different breathing training for each realm of experience.

The pressure in her chest compelled her to leave the pool and sit beside the Doctor, who was looking out to sea.

In the lightest voice she could find, and with the hope of discouraging the Doctor's seriousness she said, "I was a woman who was so ashamed of a run in my stockings that it would prevent me from dancing all evening . . ."

"It wasn't the run in your stockings . . ."

"You mean . . . other things . . . ashamed . . . just vaguely ashamed . . ."

"If you had not been ashamed of other things you would not have cared about the run in your stockings . . ."

"I've never been able to describe or understand what I felt. I've lived so long in an impulsive world, desiring without knowing why, destroying without knowing why, losing without knowing why, being defeated, hurting myself and others. . . All this was painful, like a jungle in which I was constantly lost. A chaos."

"Chaos is a convenient hiding place for fugitives. You're a fugitive from truth."

"Why do you want to force me to remember? The beauty of Golconda is that one does not remember . . ."

"In Eastern religions there was a belief that human beings gathered together the sum total of their experience on earth, to be examined at the border. And according to the findings of the celestial customs officers one would be directed either to a new realm of experience, or back to re-experience the same drama over and over again. The condemnation to repetition would cease only when one had understood and transcended the old experience."

"So you think I am condemned to repetition? You think that I have not liquidated the past?"

"Yes, unless you know what it is you ran away from..."

"I don't believe this, Doctor. I know I can begin anew here."

"So you will plunge back into chaos, and this chaos is like the jungle we saw from the boat. It is also your smoke screen."

"But I do feel new . . ."

The Doctor's expression at the moment was perplexed, as if he were no longer certain of his diagnosis, or was it that what he had discovered about Lillian was so grave he did not want to alarm her? He very unexpectedly withdrew at the word "new," smiled with indulgence, raised his shoulders as if he had been persuaded by her eloquence, and finally said: "Maybe only the backdrop has changed."

Lillian examined the pool, the sea, the plants, but could not see them as backdrops. They were too much charged with essences, with penetrating essences like the newest drugs which altered the chemistry of the body. The softness entered the nerves, the beauty surrounded and enveloped the thoughts. It was impossible that in this place the design of her past life should repeat itself, and the same characters reappear, as the Doctor had implied. Did the self which lived below visibility really choose its characters repetitiously and with only superficial variations, intent on reproducing the same basic drama like well-trained actors with a limited repertory?

And exactly at the moment when she felt convinced of the deep power of the tropics to alter a character, certain personages appeared who seemed to bear no resemblance to the ones she had left in that other country, personages she received with delight because they were gifts from Golconda itself, intended to heal her of other friendships, other loves, and other places.

The hitchhiker Fred was a student from Chicago University who had been given a job in the Hotel translating letters from tourists. Lillian called him Christmas, because at everything he saw which delighted him—a coppery sunrise, or a flamingo, a Mexican girl in her white starched dress, or a bougainvillea vine in full bloom, he would exclaim: "It's like Christmas!"

He was tall and blond but undecided in his movements as if he were not sure yet that his arms and legs belonged to him. He was at that adolescent age when his body hampered him, like a shell he was seeking to outgrow. He was still concerned with the mechanics of living, unable as yet to enjoy it. For him it was still an initiation, an ordeal. He still belonged to the Nordic midnight sun. The tropical sun could not tan him, only freckle him. Sometimes he had the look of a blond angel who had just come from a black mass. He smiled innocently although one felt sure that in his dreams he had undressed the angels and the choirboys and made love to them. He had the small smile of Pan. His eyes conveyed only the wide expanse of desert that lay between human beings, and his mouth expressed the tremors he felt when other human beings approached him. The eyes said: "Do not come too near." But his body glowed with warmth. It was his mouth com-

pressed and controlled which revealed his timidity.

At everything new he marvelled, but with persistent reference to the days of his childhood which had given him a permanent joy, like Christmas Day. As if the turtle eggs served at lunch were a gift from the Mexicans. As if the opened coconut spiked with rum were a new brand of candy.

His only anxiety centered around the problem of returning home. He did not have time enough to hitchhike back. It had taken him a full month to come. He had no money. He had decided to work his way back on a cargo ship.

Everyone offered to contribute to perpetuate his Christmas Day. But a week after his arrival he was already inquiring about cargo ships which would take him back home in time to finish college, and back to Shelley, the girl he was engaged to.

But about Shelley there was no hurry, he explained. It was because of Shelley that he had decided to hitchhike all summer. He was engaged and he was afraid. Afraid of the girl. He needed time, time to adventure, time to become a man. Yes, to become a man. (He always showed Shelley's photograph and there was nothing in the tilted-up nose, the smile, and her soft hair to frighten anyone.)

Lillian asked him, "Couldn't Shelley have helped you to become a man?"

He had shrugged his shoulders. "A girl can't help a boy to become a man. I have to feel I am one *before I marry.* And I don't know anything about myself . . . or about women . . . or about love. I thought this trip would help me. But I find I am afraid of all girls. It was not only Shelley."

"What is the difference between a girl and a woman?"

"Girls laugh. They laugh at you. That's the one thing I can't bear, to be laughed at."

"They're not laughing at you, Christmas. They're laughing because they wish to hide their own fears, to appear free and light, or they laugh so you won't think they take you too seriously. They may be laughing from pleasure, to encourage you. Think how frightened you would be if they did not laugh. If they looked at you gravely and made you feel that their destiny was in your hands, a matter of life and death, that would frighten you even more, wouldn't it?"

"Yes, much more."

"Do you want me to tell you the truth?"

"Yes, you have a way of saying things which makes me feel you are not laughing at me."

"If—you experimented with becoming a man before you married your girl, you might also find that it was *because* you were a boy that she loved you . . . that she loves you for what you are, not for what you will be later. She might love you less if you changed . . ."

"What makes you think this?"

"Because if you truly wanted to change, you would not be so impatient to leave. Your mind is fixed on the departure times of cargo ships!"

When he arrived at the pool Lillian could almost see him carrying his two separate and contradictory wishes, one in each hand, but at least while he was intent on juggling them without losing his balance, he no longer felt the pain of not living, of a paralysis before living.

His smile at Lillian was charged with gratitude. Lillian was thinking that the primitives were wiser in having definitely established rituals: at a certain moment, determined by the calendar, a boy becomes a man.

Meanwhile Fred was using all his energy in rituals of his own: he had to master water skiing, he had to be the champion swimmer and diver, he must initiate the Mexicans into his knowledge of jazz, he had to outdo everyone in going without sleep, in dancing.

Lillian had said: "Fears cannot bear to be laughed at. If you take all your fears, one by one, make a list of them, face them, decide to challenge them, most of them will vanish. Strange women, strange countries, strange foods, strange illnesses."

While Fred dived many times into the pool, conscientiously Diana arrived.

Diana had first come to Mexico at the age of seventeen when she had won a painting fellowship. But she had stayed, married, and built a house in Golconda. Most of the time she was alone. Her husband worked and travelled.

She no longer painted, but collected textiles, paintings and jewelry. She spent her entire morning getting dressed. She no longer sat before an easel, but before a dressing table, and made an art of dressing in native textiles and jewels.

When she finally descended the staircase of the Hotel she became an animated painting. Everyone's eyes were drawn to her. All the colors of Diego de Rivera and Orozco were draped on her body. Sometimes the dress seemed painted with large brushstrokes, sometimes roughly dyed like the costumes of the poor. Other times she wore what seemed like fragments of ancient Mayan murals, bold symmetrical designs in charcoal outlines with the colors dissolved by age. Heavy earrings of Aztec warriors, necklaces and bracelets of shell. Gold and silver medallions and carved heads and amulets, animals and bones. All these caught the light as she was never still.

It was this extreme liveliness which may have prevented her from working upon a painting, and turned a passion for color and textures upon her own body.

She had once come to a costume party carrying an empty frame around her neck. It was her head substituted for a canvas, her head with its slender neck, its tousled hair, tanned skin and earth-colored eyes. Her

THEN a

appearance within an empty frame was an exact representation of her history.

With the same care she took to dress herself, to create tensions of colors and metals, once she had arrived at the top of the staircase and attracted all the glances, exposed the delicately chiselled face belonging to a volatile person and contradictorily set upon a luxurious body which one associated with all the voluptuous reclining figures of realistic paintings, then she was content, and could devote herself to the second phase of her activity.

First of all she thrust her breasts forward, as if to assert that hers was a breathing, generous body, and not just a painting. But they were in curious antiphony—the quick-turning, sharp-featured head with its untamed hair, and the body with its separate language, the language of the strip teaser; for, after raising her breasts upward and outward as a swimmer might before diving, she continued to undulate, and although one could not trace the passage of her hand over various places on her body, Lillian had the feeling that, like the strip teaser, she had mysteriously called attention to the roundness of her shoulder, to the indent of her waist. And what added to the illusion of provocation was that once having dressed herself with the lavishness of ancient civilizations she proceeded to strip herself gradually. It was her artistic interpretation of going native.

She would first of all lay her earrings on the table and rub her ear lobes. They hurt her ears, which wanted to be free. No eyes could detach themselves from this spectacle. She would remove the light jacket, and appear in a backless sun dress. After breakfast, on the terrace, she was already lying on a chaise longue making plans for the beach, but on this chaise longue she turned in every ripple or motion which could escape immobility. She took off her bracelets and rubbed the wrist which they had confined. She was too warm for her beach robe. By the time she reached the beach even the bathing suit had ceased to be visible to one's eyes. By an act of prestidigitation, even though she was now dressed as every other woman on the beach, one could see her as the naked, full, brown women of Gauguin's Tahitian scenes.

Whoever had voted that she deserved a year dedicated to the art of painting had been wise and clairvoyant.

Illogically, Fred had lost his fear of women who laughed. Perhaps because Diana laughed continuously, so that it seemed like the music of the guitars, an accompaniment to their days in Golconda.

Every day Fred wanted Diana and Lillian to accompany him in his visits to the cargo ships which were to sail him home. The one that accepted him was not ready yet. It was being loaded very slowly with coconuts, and dried fish, with crocodile skins, bananas and baskets.

They would walk the length of the wharf watching the fishermen catching tropical fish, or watching the giant turtle that had been turned on its back so that it would not escape until it was time to make turtle soup.

Watching the small ships preparing to sail, questioning the Captain who wore a brigand's mustache, the mate who wore no shirt, and obtaining no definite sailing date, the anxiety of Christmas reached its culmination.

He had something to prove to himself which he had not yet proved. He was simultaneously enjoying his adventure while constantly planning to put an end to it.

When the Captain allowed him to visit the ship he would stand alone on its deck and watch Diana and Lillian standing on the wharf. They waved goodbye in mockery and he waved back. And it was only at this moment that he noticed how alive Lillian's hair was, as if each curl were weaving itself around his fingers, how slender Diana's neck and inviting to the hand, how full of light both their faces were, how their fluttering dresses enveloped and caressed them.

Behind them rose the soft violet mountains of Golconda. Both women and city he had not known intimately and he was already losing. Then he felt pain and a wild desire not to sail away. He would run down the gangplank, almost pushing the porters to one side, run back once more to all the trepidations they caused him by their nearness.

Neither Diana nor Lillian was helping him. They both smiled so gayly, without a shadow of regret, and did not force him to stay, or cling to him. And in the deepest part of himself he knew they were helping him to become a man by allowing him to make his own decisions. That was part of the initiation. They would not steal his boyhood: he must abdicate it.

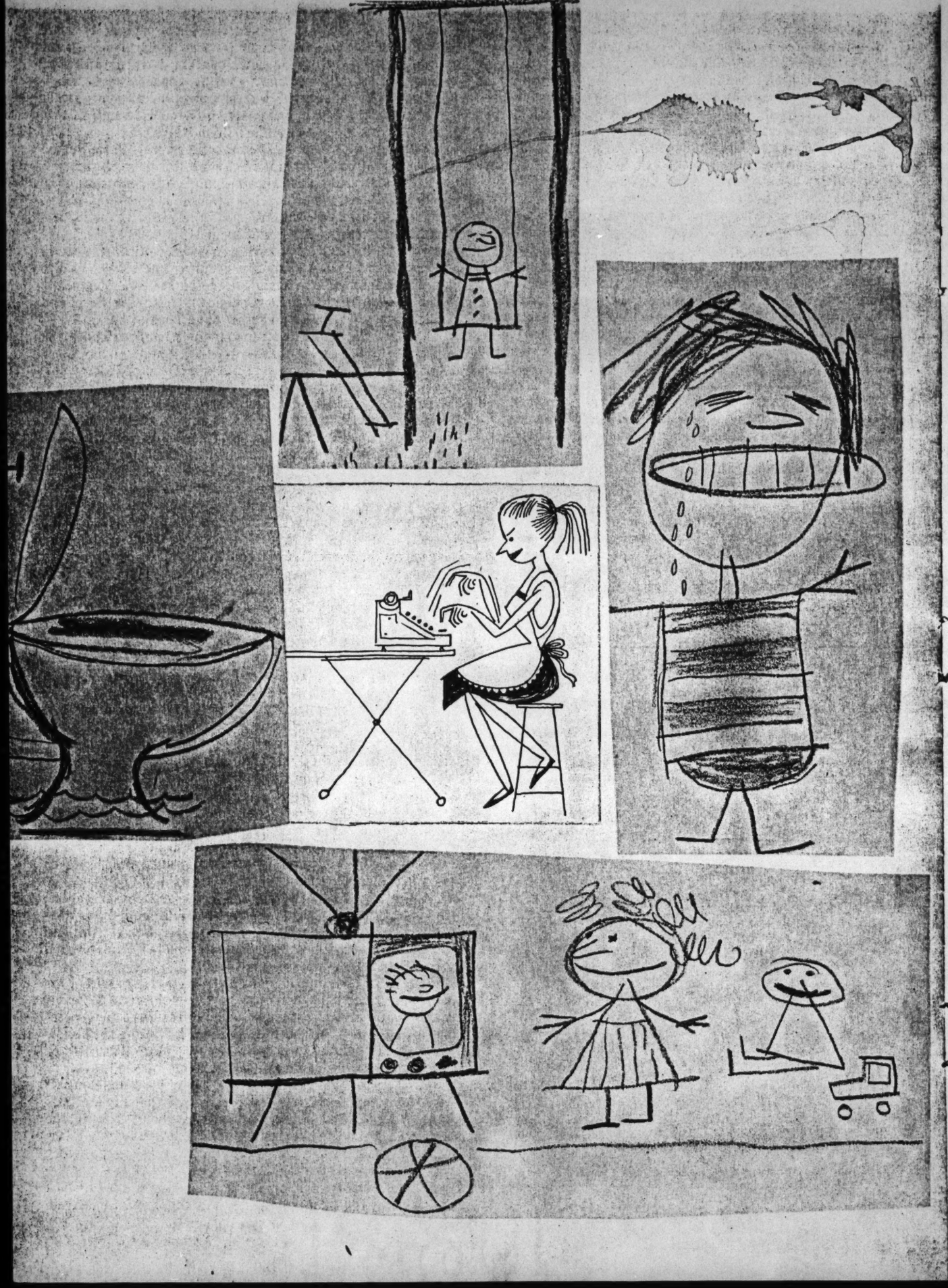
He loved them both, Diana for incarnating the spice, the color and the fragrance of Golconda, and Lillian because her knowledge of him seemed to incarnate him, and because she was like a powerful current that transmitted life to him.

Just as he climbed the gangplank as a rehearsal for his departure, and felt then that he was not ready to leave, when he returned to them he felt unready to live, painfully poised beween crystallizations. He could not follow Diana's invitations into the unknown, unfamiliar life of the senses, and he could not sail either.

An invisible race was taking place between Diana's offer of a reclining nude by Gauguin and the ship's departure. And, as if the ship, the captain, the mate, and the men who loaded it had known he was not ready to leave, when he went to the pier at four o'clock as he did every day, the ship was gone!

He could still see it on the horizon line, a small black speck throwing off not quite enough smoke to conceal its departure.●

and NOW by Peché



ONLY A HOUSEWIFE!

By Pessa S. Klipstein

What else could ennoble
The function distaff
Like paying the housewife
At time and a half?

–Helen L. Thompson

WHOEVER it was who said that "All a woman has to do to have a career in this free and easy generation is to put her mind to it" must have been a man. Since even women have only one mind, and are easily driven out of that, it isn't such a cinch nowadays to follow one's favorite muse... (yes, dear, you can go to Ellen's house)..."After all," they say, "a woman has a lot of spare time if she would just borrow a tiny bit of Man's organizational abilities... (no, Judy, you cannot have ice cream. It's too near dinner)...

It is perfectly all right for the woman who has snagged a rich husband, and has turned her house over to the maid and butler so that she can play the zither to her heart's delight... (heavens! I forgot the pressure cooker... hope it won't blow up before I get there...)... but for an honest-to-goodness housewife who loves her middle-class husband (what a wonderful guy!), and children, and really *does* like to run the house, cook, and market and who still hasn't earned enough at her writing to afford a housekeeper for her family... (who hit you on the head this time, Jeffie? Did you hit him back?)... for a woman like that to find the spare time for punching out even one page of The Book in peace... well!

I can hear all the men answering me..."Your PLACE is in the HOME, and after all it was your own choice, and why do you have to go and get the notion that you want to write?" Well, boys, it isn't a notion. It's a short circuit from my head to my fingers, and I can't seem to fix the fuse. If I had time... (please turn down the TV, Orville, so I can hear the back doorbell when the laundry man comes) ... you see, that's the laundry I didn't get done when my washer broke down and... oh, well. Back to the typewriter.

Yes, I have read those articles by the Efficiency Experts who have run the house themselves for a week just to show the little woman how easy it is if you just use THE SYSTEM. I wonder if one of those boys ever went back the following week and watched the little woman going crazy trying to get everything un-straightened out again? *That* article I'd like to see! Have the men figured out yet at what time it is most efficient for Judy to fall off the swing and need three quarters of an hour of bandaging and soothing? Where does that fit into The Schedule? And when you plan dinner for exactly six, but the boy doesn't deliver until after five, and the meat which should cook (according to the chart) for exactly an hour and twenty minutes, takes two and a half... hm?

Now take the case of any Man who wants to write. All he has to do is sacrifice himself and sweat over a hot typewriter. If he is single he eats in a restaurant and pays a landlady to clean his room and take care of his laundry and rejection slips... (no, Bennie, you can't have dinner yet. Daddy isn't home and it will spoil if I take it out of the oven too early...) ...and if the man is married...(Judy, stop hitting Bennie! It makes so much noise!)... if he's married he has a collaborator who never gets credit but who keeps the kids real quiet while papa is thinking (I know. My Dad used to write) and holds up the meals until papa is ready to eat (it could be midnight) and makes everyone tiptoe around as if someone were dead. After he is a Success, all he has to do is buy some mountain retreat or seaside cabana and just leave the whole d... I mean, his loved ones, at home and go pound out his Masterpiece in serenity.

If I *ever* get to be a real honest-to-betsy writer with Pulitzer prizes and things, it will be through sheer concentration, immunity to the petty distractions of everyday living, and being deaf to...(What? ? ? Oh, heavens! The toilet's running over again)...

See what I mean? ●

Doctor Johnson's temper would have fl

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE JOHNSON

SECOND MARRIAGE IS HOPE TRIUMPHING OVER EXPERIENCE

frayed at Em's application of his epigram

BY WINIFRED CULLEN

Emerald Havernan hung the dishtowel in the service porch and stood a moment looking into the sunny glare of the backyard. It would be cooler, she knew, at Del Mar where they were to spend the weekend. It would be a cool trip down this afternoon.

Emerald stood thinking: there must be people who really *like* the desert...this sound, like maracas, of the maguey cactus rattling, or the dry brushing of the frayed palm fronds on the roof. A lone clothes pin, fallen on the gray Bermuda grass of the lawn, a papery litter from the palms, was all the stucco-bleached emptiness contained. The "view" was a row of scrubby hills covered with sage or mesquite.

Henry liked it. His reason seemed to be that he had seen worse places during army training.

He especially liked those big fields of glittering used cars for sale, the markets built like colleges in the middle of asphalted pastures of parking space, the sandwich stands that looked like Mediterranean villas, and the oil stations which were sterilized every day. "Look at that!" he would say, as if you could avoid seeing those whirling strings of colored tin rigged up to catch the light and wind. And he would improve the topic with statistics on community growth.

By the time Henry was home Emerald had packed for them both and had even made a thermos of iced collins. But Henry settled down with a drink and the scratch sheet. She protested.

"We can do that when we get there. Let's go before it gets hot." You weren't supposed to say that this irrigated sandpile was hot, but you might imply that it was about to get hot. Even at that you had to hear again about summer in places like Hinkley or Daggett.

She looked at his solid bulk penciling a racing form and she remembered that a nutrition expert had said we were eating so much in America that by the year 2000 we would weigh between 346 and 376 pounds. It must be especially true in the Southwest. And it must have something to do with the confusion of size with success or size with beauty.

A man as big as Henry had a distinct advantage—not that muscle was needed to run a business or even to fight a war these days. But if you had opinions, or if, like Henry, you had what you called "just information," nobody was likely to challenge you with contradictory "information."

Henry was ignoring her. He would start when he got ready. She wondered if she could support herself if she divorced Henry. Making hats had always appealed to her. And long before *Life* had run that spread on feather bangs, she had thought of just such a fashion. She sat fanning herself.

He looked up. "This is *dry* heat—nothing like your muggy New York summer. It's not even ninety in this room. Look at the thermometer. Now at Ord when it was a hundred and ten or a hundred and fifteen we had to march on short water rations, and at—at—"

"Hunter Liggett?"

When she had married him she had never suspected that he would run completely out of fresh conversation almost before they were home from the honeymoon. Now anything that sounded unused she suspected him of lifting whole from the science-fiction and ambivalent politics compound he listened to at the plant.

Ever since one of the "boys" had read a book about Father Junipero Serra's long walks in barefoot sandals, Henry had been pointing out those pathetic looking missions up and down the California coast. He never missed one.

She married Henry, she concluded, because he came around a lot to see her when nobody else did when she was new in California. She had waited with such a positive attitude to fall in love, and eventually she believed that she felt it.

But now why prolong the delusion? Nobody cared whether you got a divorce or not. She delayed because

Henry seemed dependent on her. But he would find a better wife to depend on very soon. She couldn't feel it incumbent on her to feel sorry for him just because of his limitations. *He* probably felt sorry for *her*. For no other reason than that she was a woman. On the whole, Henry was pretty well satisfied with himself.

As they followed the cement sweep of freeway through its ivied troughs, burrowing and rising, they traversed a badlands of airports, geometric acreages of tract housing, mysterious principalities of production with unnamed walls, thinly smoking stacks, and refineries bathed in white steam.

She thought of the little curling streams of Connecticut that wound through wild green grass, through pink and blue cinnamon smelling flowers. She thought of clovered slopes and healthy rain.

The freeway ended at the shore which they would follow down to Del Mar. Symbiotic clusters of "mobile homes" cluttered a brackish backwater on one side of the road. On the other side a beach was evenly littered with tin cans, as if it had rained picnic garbage.

Henry was saying, "...a billion dollars worth of construction in the county in the first six months of the year. It'll be three billion by the end of '59."

"Mmmmmm," she said softly, wondering why Henry never asked for a definite comment. Well, of course it was because he didn't really listen to her. Their marriage was at the stage where there is a great deal of "what-did-you-say-dear?"

If only she could find a secondary Henry under the well-adjusted one. Of course he did like to play the races and she had read that that indicated a frustration of some sort. Such a pity that only unhappiness indicated a capacity to think deeply.

They came to a town called Dana Point and Henry said, as usual, "Right down there, Em, is where they threw the hides off the cliff."

"Yes, I know," she said, calculating in her mind how many times they had taken this trip and how many times she had heard the legend, as she did again now...

"Richard Dana made a trip around in 1834, I think it was. He wrote that book *Two Years Before the Mast* and told how they didn't have a harbor close to here so they tossed the hides over the cliff, and one bundle got stuck so they had to lower Dana on a rope to get them loose. Quite a stunt."

* * * *

So, content that she had given him enough chances, Emerald went to Reno, divorced Henry, and in the property settlement took the house. This meant she had to rent or sell before she could go East. And in the meantime she met a friend of Henry's—not a close friend, because he was so different. They started going about together and this time Em knew she had found love.

Everett taught at Scripps College. He was a good listener, and Em found that she had an endless supply of things to tell—about her childhood, about the beauty of upper state New York, and even about her esthetic opinions.

After they were married, one of their trips was down the coast to the Pescan Marine Institute where Everett was working on an oceanographic project. Em was driving and also was happily giving a real travelogue. Everett looked out the window obligingly but his comments were mostly, "Mmmmmm."

"Now here," she said, "is where in Richard Dana's book *Two Years Before the Mast* they threw the hides off the cliffs to the small boats below..." ●

THE NEW DEAD SEA SCROLLS

continued from page 21

of Eve from his rib) but this may now be safely regarded as a patriarchal gloss on the earlier account revealed in the Delta Tablets. Since no pictorial account of the event has yet been unearthed, the question will have to remain an open one for the present. On one point the tablet is clear—Ashta was still unconsoled, despite the Great Awakening. The admonition to the "hunter" to look first into his own tent before he fares forth in search of a companion seems to be taken from a still earlier work, the Book of the Ancients, which has not yet been discovered. Judging from this fragmentary quotation it would seem to have been a purely feminist document of the ur-matriarchal culture.

Translation:

THE DARK NIGHT OF THE GREAT SEPARATION

Now behold Ashta undergoeth the Five Stages of the Separation, wherein firstly cometh the Flight. For into the World Garden cometh the great spirit Domdom, known of old as the Spirit of Darkness and Evil, to divide and to separate that which hath been created one flesh. Whereupon Ashta is moved to circle all the regions of the earth, the sea and the air in great flight. And this availeth not. Followeth then the Affrighting, whereby the man-spirit doth affright the woman-spirit of Ashta in divers ways. And this availeth not. Now the names of each were known to Domdom and he declared them, the male being Ashtra and the female Ishtra, and by the naming made he the first separation, and a cord appeared between them, which was a sign of that which was to come. And Ishtra, incensed thereat, did prophesy the evils to come. But this availeth not. Then did the angel Domdom, the Spirit of Darkness and Night, descend and sever the cord with a flaming sword and these were now twain. And Ishtra, seeing they were now twain and fearing the wrath of Ashtra did so do unto him as is written in the Book of the Ancients that Ashtra did fall into a deep sleep. And on awaking said, That which has been done unto me in sleep unlawfully I shall inscribe in a book that all may know of that which was done unto me in the dark night of the great separation...

Commentary:

The account breaks off here. There is evidence of fire and other signs of conflict and destruction. Obviously the Biblical account is fuller and better preserved and perhaps closer to the facts of the case. It is not for a man of science to pass judgment on such matters. He can only surmise that the intermediate documents have been lost to posterity. Perhaps it is just as well.●

John
Dempsey

PRETTY ON THE BUS *continued from page 31*

happy that watered down my face. Goodbye until tomorrow, my heart said to him. I watched him like through a rainy windshield as he walked away with his head high as an office building.

Roister Doister.

Jesus, he was a tall good man. And mine.

The corporal at the gate stepped out of his box when he saw me standing there alone.

"You all right, Irene?" he said, knowing good and well I was weeping.

"You bet your shirt I'm all right, Corporal!" I said, jabbing him in the stomach with my fist, but not hard. Then I walked away.

"G'night, Irene," he said.

Overhead was a deep, sea-blue sky.

" 'Night, Corporal."

Melody was bewildered. The idea of a daddy would not sink in. But she would sooner or later get the idea.

I packed our things and got them to the bus station in a taxicab. Agnes had to know the secret on account of she had to take care of Melody while I and the sergeant was busy doing the thing at the preacher's house. Agnes kissed me and wished me luck and sprayed me with French perfume. At three-thirty I went off to meet R. D. in the lobby of the big hotel.

I knew walking along the street that I would remember every touch of the day. I'd lost a hundred pounds just thinking about it and was walking on balls of cotton instead of a sidewalk and everything I passed reached out and kissed me. That boomtown thrown together out of sticks during the war got to be home suddenly and all the people smiled back at me as though I'd known them all my life instead of not at all. You'd have thought they knew about the secret and was wishing me well for the rest of my life, my days to come, and I was full of wanting to hug strangers and sing at the top of my voice as if the world was my bathtub and all the shower of sweet sunshine and human faces was my own to wash me in as I sang.

I knew I would remember how it felt to be so happy.

And I knew I would remember the hotel lobby and how empty it was when I got there and the clerk when he asked me was I waiting for one of the guests and the pitch of my voice when I said Thank you, sir, no I am being married this afternoon and am waiting here for my husband-to-be. And the clerk's deep good smile hot with his deep good wishes. And the air going out of my heart gradually as the hand of the big clock moved past four o'clock, and how the hundred pounds I had lost getting dressed came back to me as it moved past five and the way the belief in miracles froze inside of my head when I called the preacher at five-thirty and said, sir, there has been an accident; I and the sergeant will be late, sir, I am very sorry.

Yes. Late.

At six o'clock I did not weep. And I did not weep at seven.

At eight o'clock I went to the phone and called the corporal at the gate.

"Corporal," I said, "this is Irene. I am the lady friend of the big sergeant."

"H'lo, Irene."

"Corporal," I said, "have you seen that big, ugly bastard?"

"Sure, honey," said the corporal. "He got hisself discharged this morning and took off on an airplane."

"Is that a fact, Corporal? I wonder where he took off to."

"Asheville, North Carolina, honey."

"Thank you very kindly, Corporal."

"Everything okay, Irene?"

"You bet your shirt everything is okay." That's what I remember saying to the corporal, that he could bet his shirt everything was okay.

* * *

I and Melody took the eleven-o-two out of town headed south, downstate, headed for home. The bus was crowded. She sat on my lap but I could not feel her being there. I just looked at her till she went to sleep. Nothing was going on much in my head for the first hundred miles of the way home. I just looked at Melody and had thoughts about being a kid and not a woman, about how kids look forward all their years to being grown-ups and about what they get when they are.

About what kids get when they are grown-ups. About how it does not help to have something soft and rotten as a grapefruit for a heart. It's a mother's job to put something firm in there, about the texture of a rock. Sensitive kids get it hard; they live to be old men and ladies and they bawl along through life in pain up till the time they die. They like to look at lights across the water and to have buttercups smashed into their noses and to be told the world is cream on top of sweet peaches. But you got to knock that out of them.

You got to or somebody says shutup at the right time, a real whammy comes along, a pet goldfish dies in the bowl, or somebody forgets to smile and right away the grapefruit heart begins to stink and squirt juicy tears out of their eyes.

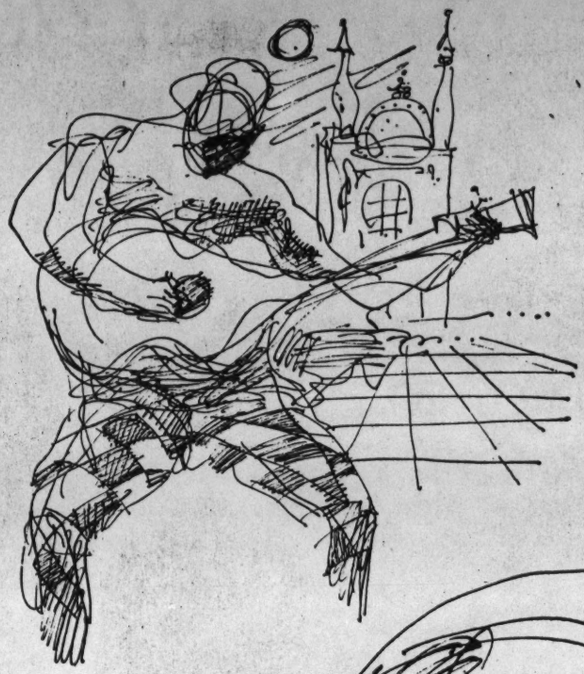
Melody woke up. She looked out of the window.

"It's pretty on the bus at nighttime," she said.

I slapped her good. She cried. "Go to sleep," I said. She cried some more. I hugged her. It is a job to teach them, to give them the right kind of heart, to dry them up young.

I have not wept, not once since that day, and I looked up some of my old clients and they let me come back to clean their offices again, and Mrs. Krangsprush talks about positive thoughts and sometimes I wonder what you can buy how much of for eighty-four dollars.●

I'll make a deal with you—you go out with the boys one night a week and I'll go out with the boys one night a week.



The dusting of the books

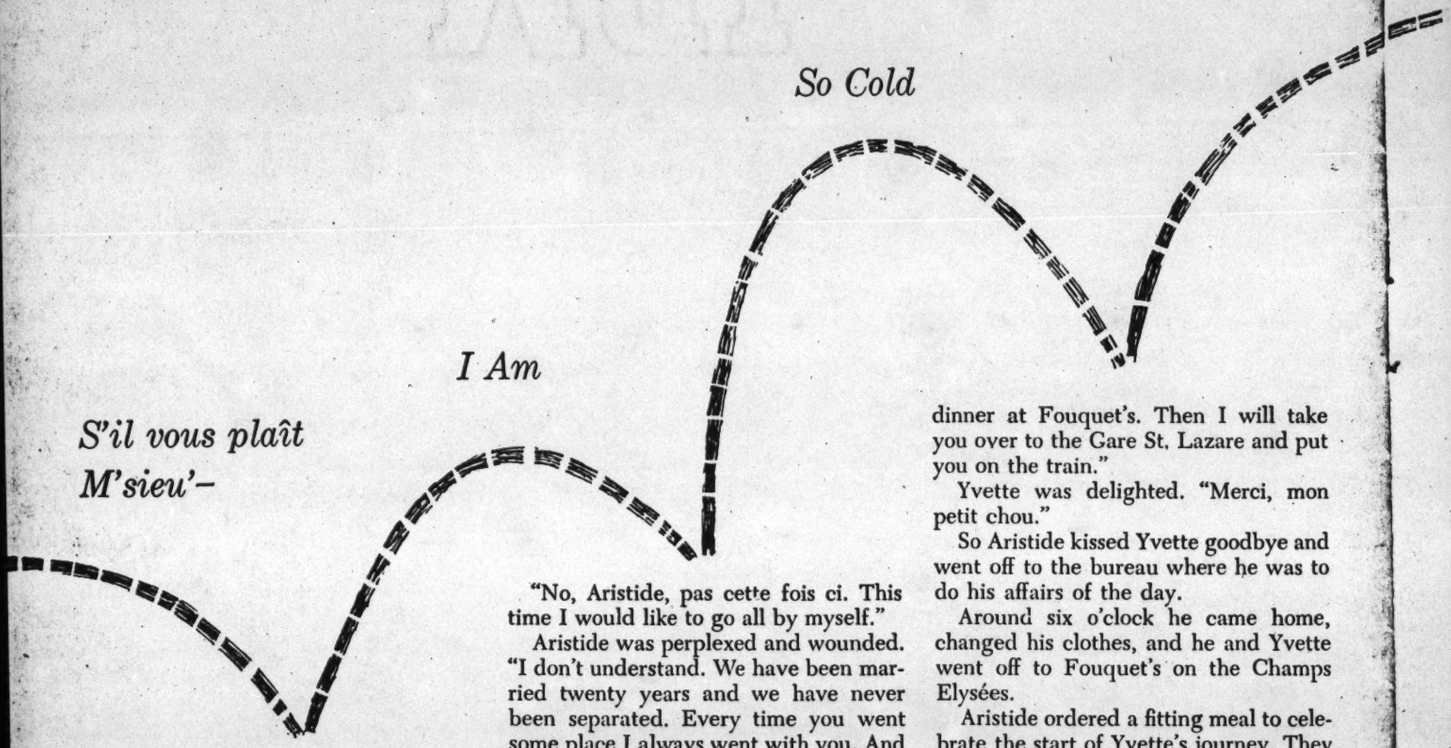
By Dorothy Hughes

With every movement, the soft particles
Invade us. We are dry, and the dust smells
Of its neutrality. The clean books flash
In the afternoon, they leap from me like fish.
I watch you seize them, shelving them again,
Rebuilding the familiar diagram.
They stiffen; the light has gone out of them.

We move through our round with the gravity
Of dancers, and I can remember how
In other places, coupled in some chore
Without words, I have felt this before
(Cutting or carrying, breaking or seeding)
That we do homage and our rituals bring
An identity and a leveling.

I hear you through the thunder of recall.
Through the cold clangors of Burnt Njal,
Syllables of war, through the lonely furor
At Amherst, the tune of a blue guitar,
The cadence of your tread is heard. The Sidhe
Are hosting—Ever between them and me
I hear you walking, enchanted and free.

The light is emptied now, the dust drifts down.
The grey cloths lie collapsed, and the moth-motion
Ceases. We wash our hands. Once again
Between us the fracas of speech breaks out,
The mannerly word hiding its wilderness root.



ONE morning when Aristide Maillot and his wife Yvette were having their petit dejeuner, Yvette suddenly turned to Aristide and said:

"Mon petit chou, I think that I will go and see my Papa and Maman in Normandy."

"Alors, that is very well with me," Aristide replied. "If you wish to go I will clear up my affairs at the bureau and accompany you."

"No, Aristide, pas cette fois ci. This time I would like to go all by myself."

Aristide was perplexed and wounded. "I don't understand. We have been married twenty years and we have never been separated. Every time you went some place I always went with you. And every time I went some place you went with me. Why do you wish to go by yourself this time?"

"Aristide, please don't ask so many questions. This time I wish to go alone, that's all."

Aristide resigned himself. "Alors, if you insist. Go by yourself then."

"I will pack," Yvette announced.

Then Aristide, not wishing to appear gruff and ungracious, had a thought. "I tell you what. Tonight I will take you to dinner at Fouquet's. Then I will take you over to the Gare St. Lazare and put you on the train."

Yvette was delighted. "Merci, mon petit chou."

So Aristide kissed Yvette goodbye and went off to the bureau where he was to do his affairs of the day.

Around six o'clock he came home, changed his clothes, and he and Yvette went off to Fouquet's on the Champs Elysées.

Aristide ordered a fitting meal to celebrate the start of Yvette's journey. They began with hors d'oeuvres and followed them with a very good soup. Then came escargots, which Aristide loved very much, and a fine Chateaubriand, clear and sparkling, to set them off. They proceeded through a big salade and ended with a little mousse au chocolat and of course, a cafe noir. It had been a most delightful dinner, but now it was time to go to the station.

Aristide hailed a taxi and they drove to the Gare St. Lazare where dutifully

THE FROG

he purchased a ticket for Yvette. At the large gate for Normandy he kissed her very sweetly and said:

"You must have a very nice time at home with your parents and you must write me every day."

Yvette promised and waved to his retreating back.

No sooner had Yvette departed than Aristide began to think, and the more he thought the more morose he became. After all he had been married to Yvette for twenty years and this was certainly strange conduct on her part. To ease his troubled thoughts he stopped at a little bistro and ordered a nice chartreuse verte and a cafe noir. Then he walked home very slowly, growing more glum as he thought of how lonely the apartment would be this night. Just as he was turning the key in the outside door, he heard a little voice say:

"Please, Monsieur, may I come in with you? It is so terribly cold outside."

Aristide turned around but there was not a soul in sight. "This is very strange indeed. Am I becoming crazy?" he mumbled. He turned the key again, and once more he heard the little voice pleading.

"Pardon, Monsieur, please let me come in. It is so terribly cold outside."

This time he turned very quickly in the direction of the voice, and there was a little green frog.

"C'est toi qui a parlé?"

And the little frog said: "Oui, c'est moi, Monsieur."

Aristide frowned. "Listen, I despise frogs. I cannot stand frogs. Go away!" And with that he opened the door to let himself in but not fast enough, for the little frog went plop, plop and entered too.

Aristide went upstairs and was about to open the door to his apartment when again he heard the thin, small voice beside him.

"Please, Monsieur, it is so terribly cold here in the hall. Could I come into the apartment with you?"

"Listen to me, stupid. I told you I despise frogs. Now I find you in the hall with me after I refused you the opportunity to come in, eh? You cannot possibly come into my apartment."

With that he opened the door and the little frog with a p.l.u.m.p. jumped into the apartment.

Aristide went to his bedroom, removed his clothes, put on his pajamas and sleeping cap, turned back the covers, and got into bed. No sooner had he settled down than he heard the piping voice pleading with him.

"Please, Monsieur. It is so terribly cold in the bedroom. Could I get into bed with you?"

Aristide sat up, turned on the light and bellowed: "Nom d'un chien! I have already told you I loathe and despise frogs. How you got into the apartment I will never know. Now you want to get in bed with me. Absolutely not!"

With that he turned off the light and lay back. But the little frog went plop, plop right on top of the covers of the bed, very close to Aristide's head and said:

"Please, Monsieur, it is so terribly cold in this bedroom. Could I get under the covers for just one petit moment? It will cost you nothing to be kind."

Aristide was shocked at the voice next to his face and by this time very angry. "Listen, how many times must I tell you that I hate, loathe and despise frogs?"

The little frog was persistent and winsome. "Oh, Monsieur, it is so terribly cold. If only I could be under the covers for one moment. I will never ask another thing as long as we are here."

Wearily Aristide consented. "Eh bien. For one little moment then. That is all. Get under the covers."

Then, miracle de Dieu! Do you know what happened? The moment that little grenouille with the clammy hide crawled under the covers it turned into the most beautiful young woman you have ever seen in all your life. Totally "nue" and with a warm, soft skin.

Aristide was naturally quite shocked when this happened and to double his alarm there was a rap on the door. He jumped out of bed, grabbed his robe, went to the door and opened it. And who was standing there? Well, of course, you know who. It was his wife, Yvette.

Now the story which I have told you is the absolute truth, because it is the same story that Aristide told his wife.●

TO BOTH THEIR OWN *continued from page 8*

individuals will seek wholeness in it, and the more they will be vulnerable if the activity itself is one that only partially expresses our full two-sexed humanity.

There is likewise the very simple consideration that when we have no indication that intelligence is limited to one sex, any occupational restriction that prevents gifted women from exercising their gifts leaves them, and also the world that is sorely in need of every gift, the poorer. I have not put this consideration first, because there is still the possibility that the world might lose more by sacrificing sex differentiation than it would lose by limiting the exercise of that intelligence to certain ways of life. It is of very doubtful value to enlist the gifts of women if bringing women into fields that have been defined as male frightens the men, unsexes the women, muffles and distorts the contribution the women could make, either because their presence excludes men from the occupation or because it changes the quality of the men who enter it. There is slight gain if the struggle the intruders have to go through limits any primary feminine contribution they could make. It can be cogently argued that the profession of education—which should be by both sexes for both sexes—has lost as much if not more than it has gained as men departed not only from the primary grades, where the special gifts of women were badly needed, but from the higher grades, where boys have suffered because taught only by women. Men teachers took refuge in the universities, where they jealously guard their departments against the entrance of any woman into fields where women's insights are needed. Such sequence can well make one pause, and suggest that the cure is often worse than the disease.

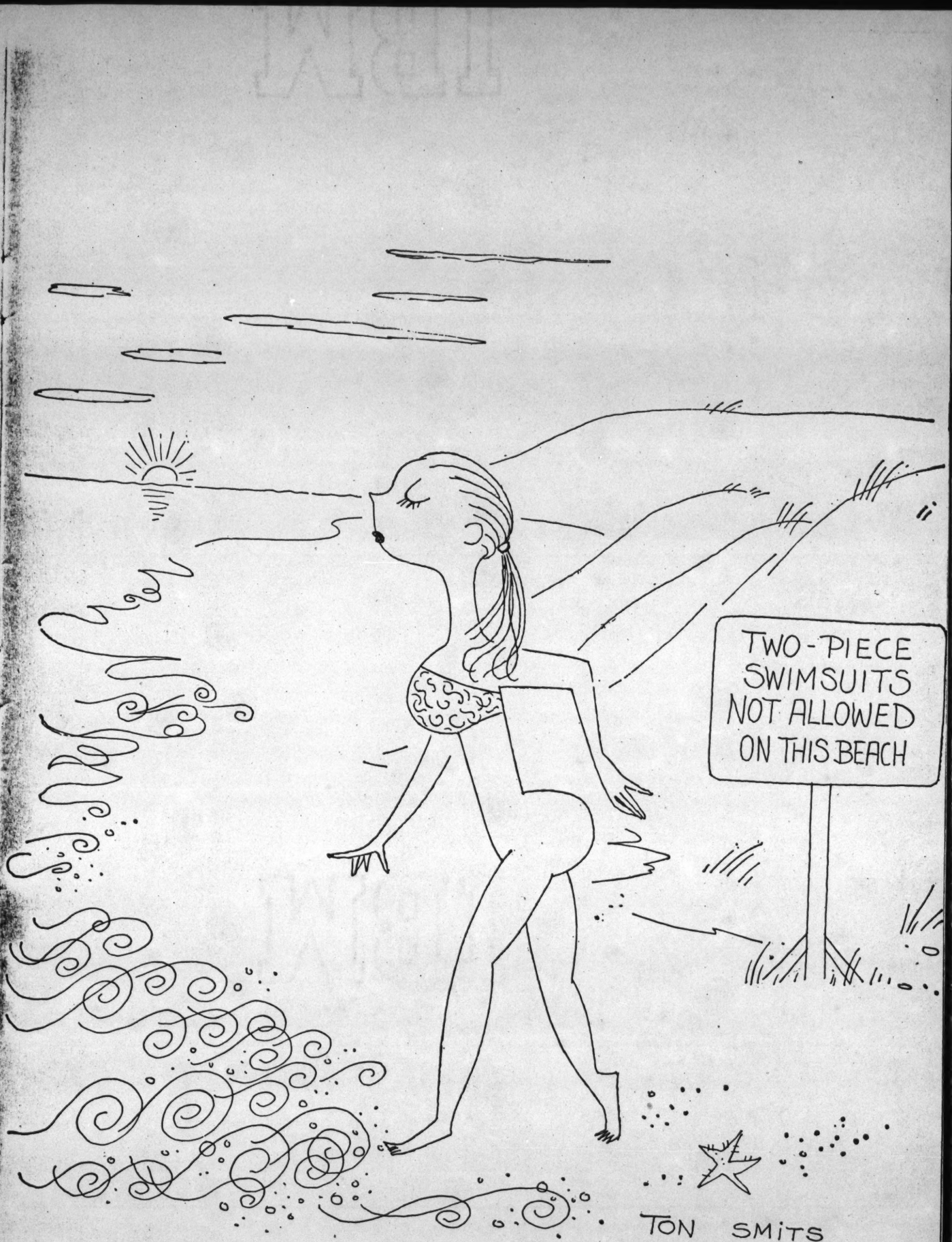
This is more likely to be so whenever women's abilities are seen quantitatively in relation to men's. The phrasing is then that there are many women who are as bright or brighter, as strong or stronger, as good or better organizers, than men. Crusades based on the rights of women to enter any field are likely to recoil upon themselves. The entrance of women is defined as competitive, and this is dangerous, whether the competition be expressed in the Soviet woman railroad engineer's plaint that women are allowed to run only engines on freight trains, or in the devastating antagonisms that are likely to occur in America, where it is so hard to forgive any person who wins in the same race, although so easy to acclaim success in races one has not entered. Almost every excursion of American women into fields that women had never, or at least not for many epochs, entered has been phrased in just these competitive terms. How dangerous it is can be measured in many ways: by the big poster advertisements on the Pacific Coast in the spring of 1948, which advertised bread with a girl wielding the bat and the boy behind her holding the catcher's mit; by the "Here's How" in the New York subway, in which a text that describes the wedding-ring as a sign of subjection is illustrated by a *male* in evening-dress putting a ring on his *own* third finger. It is folly to ignore the signs which warn us that the present terms on which women are lured by their own curiosities and drives developed under the same educational system as boys, or forced by social conditions that deny homes and children to many women—a fourth of American women reach the menopause having borne no children—are bad for both men and women. We have to count very carefully what gains there are, what possibilities there are of drawing rapidly enough upon the sensitivities of both men and women to right the balance and still go on.

There will be very great temptations in America to right the balance rudely, to tighten the lines against the continued entrance of women into these new fields, rather than to change the nature of that entrance. To the extent that we do go backwards we lose an opportunity to make the social inventions that will make it possible for women to contribute as much to civilization as they now contribute to the continuance of the race. As matters now stand and have stood through history, we have drawn on the gifts of men in both ways, and on the gifts of women almost entirely in one way. From each sex, society has asked that they so live that others may be born, that they cherish their masculinity and femininity, discipline it to the demands of parenthood, and leave new lives behind them when they die. This has meant that men had to be willing to choose, win, and keep women as lovers, protect and provide for them as husbands, and protect and provide for their children as fathers. It has meant that women have had to be willing to accept men as lovers, live with them as wives, and conceive, bear, feed, and cherish their children. Any society disappears which fails to make these demands on its members and to receive this much from them.

But from men, society has also asked and received something more than this. For thousands of generations men have been asked to do something more than be good lovers and husbands and fathers, even with all that that involved of husbandry and organization and protection against attack. They have been asked to develop and elaborate, each in terms of his own ability, the structure within which the children are reared, to build higher towers, or wider roads, to dream new dreams and see new visions, to penetrate ever further into the secrets of nature, to learn new ways of making life more human and more rewarding. And within the whole adventure there has been a silent subtle division of labor, which had its roots perhaps in a period of history when the creativeness of bearing children outweighed in splendor every act that men performed, however they danced and pantomimed their pretense that the novices were really their children after all. In this division of labor, there was the assumption that bearing children is enough for the women, and in the rest of the task all the elaborations belong to men. This assumption becomes the less tenable the more men succeed in those elaborations which they have taken on themselves. As a civilization becomes complex, human life is defined in individual terms as well as in the service of the race, and the great

(Continued on Page 59)

You are adorable, affectionate, tender, sweet, sympathetic, loving, amorous, passionate, rapturous, devoted, motherly . . .


TWO-PIECE
SWIMSUITS
NOT ALLOWED
ON THIS BEACH
TON SMITS

Junior Maternity

A PREGNANT IDEA

UNWILLING to settle for flowered smocks, Dorothy Harris and Dorothy Curley, neighbors in a Whittier, Calif., housing tract, took matters into their own hands about five years ago by making their own maternity clothes.

Using the "form follows function" formula, they created garments designed to glorify the pregnant condition.

Encouraged by the admiration of friends, they took a few samples to I. Magnin's in Los Angeles and came home with a contract.

Setting up shop in the Harris garage, they were off to a career that has made the line Junior Maternity a staple in quality stores throughout the United States.

Her children's needs and the fact that the Harris garage was handier to Dorothy H. than to her, caused Dorothy C. to withdraw from the partnership after about six months.

Dorothy H. carried on with the help of her husband, Wayne, a pharmacist. He kept the books in

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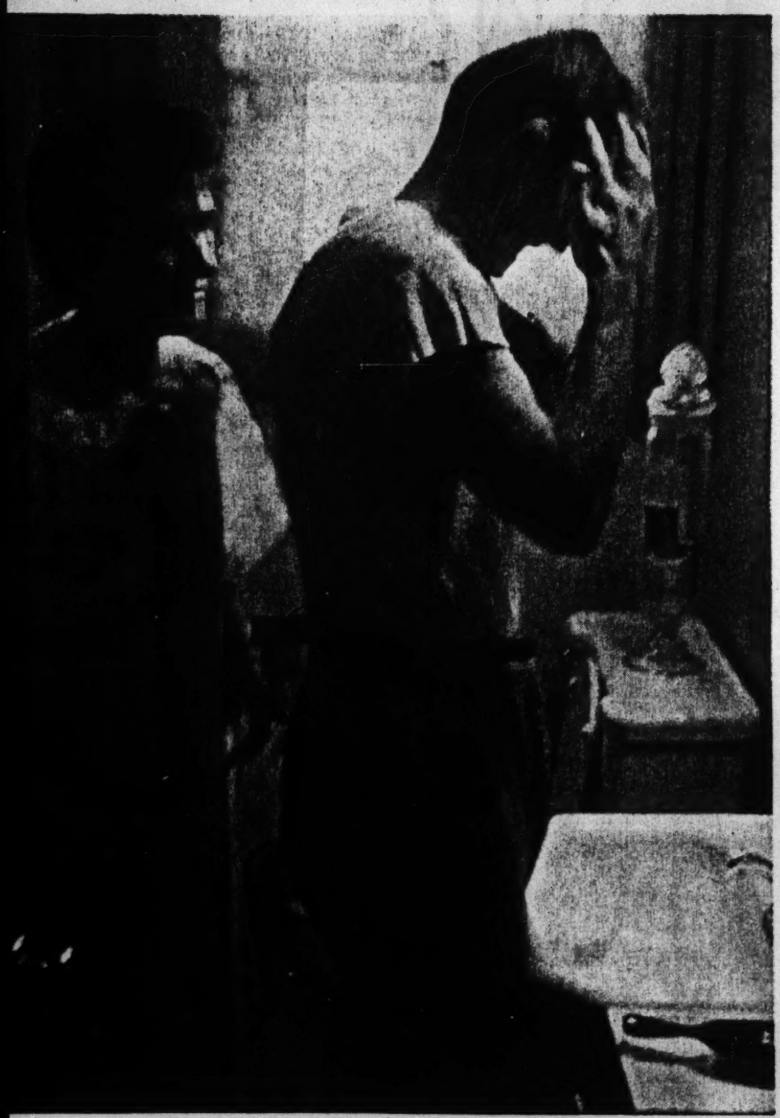


(Left) Dorothy, Megan, Wayne go through the first waking-up motions of a typical week day. Scott, 6, is finished, leaving only three to share the family bathroom.

(Above) Wayne and Dorothy clear up after breakfast. (Facing page) Who says a woman can't handle job plus family? She can't, Dorothy is sure without cooperation of her husband.

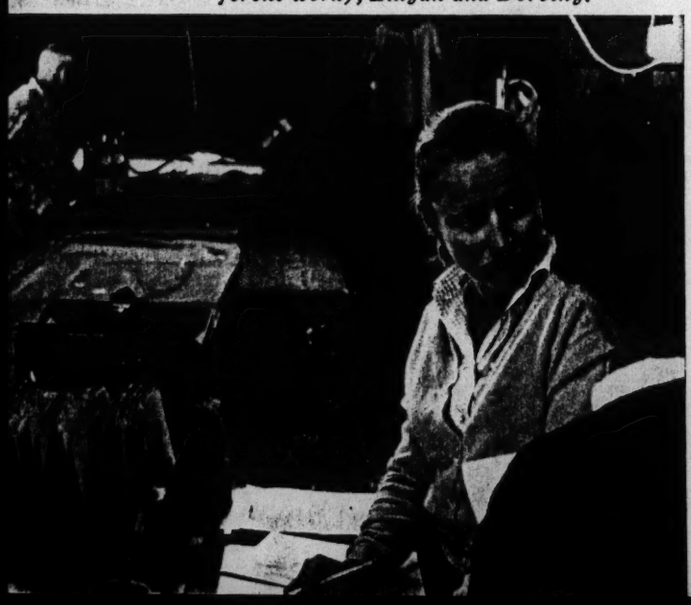
Dorothy leaves Megan, 4½, at her nursery school. Friend pretends lack of interest in talk about when ballet slippers go on.

Scott knows that his mother is never too busy for him. Big worktable in bedroom (built by Wayne) makes homework possible.

Historic scene: The two designers have just signed their first contract, Chris McCulloch, I. Magnin buyer, negotiating.

Middy costume is approved by Emily Lindquist, I. Magnin buyer; its creator and Lillyan Taylor, head of sales for line.

Everett Lewis, Dorothy's father (who became a cutter after retiring from utterly different work), Lillyan and Dorothy.



Wayne has just put the children to bed. As soon as he puts Scott's shirt in the hamper he will join his wife at lessons.

Dor
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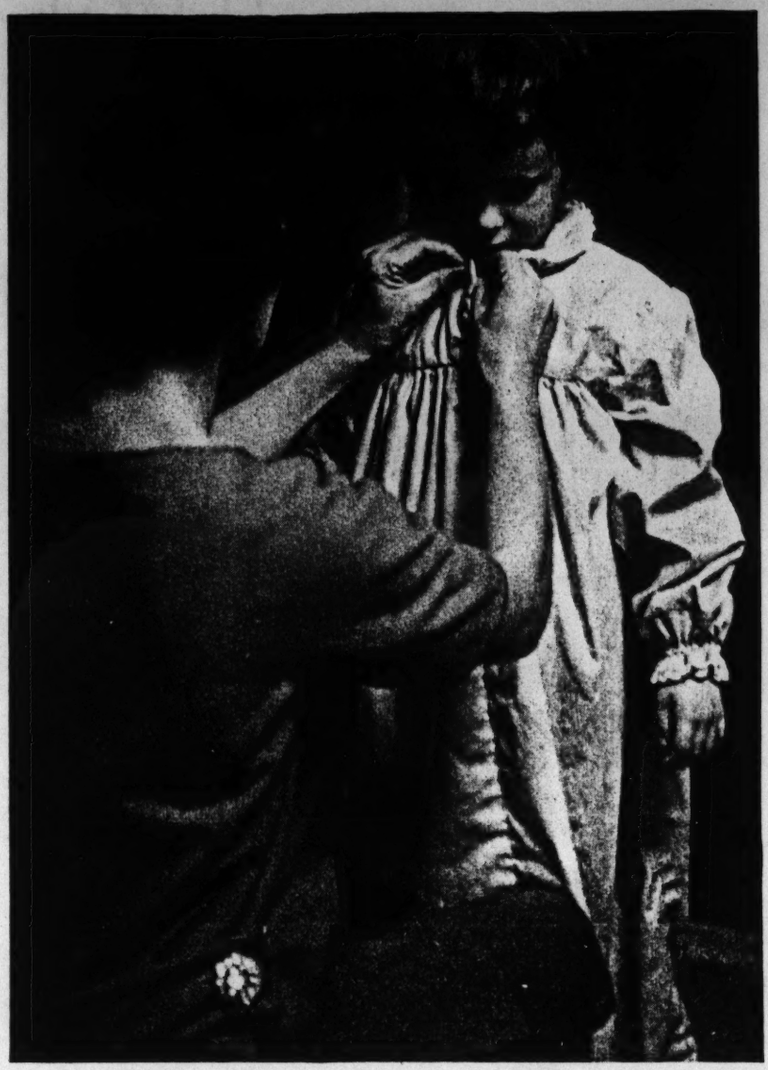
Har
whi

PHOTOS BY RALPH POOLE



(Continued from Page 52)
his spare time at first but now spends most of his time in the family enterprise.

Dorothy says she never could have gone ahead without Wayne. Managing a hectic business, being a good parent and running a household all alone is too much for the most energetic young woman. But when all the jobs are shared, so are all the joys—not the least of which is more income to do more things, such as boating and water skiing. They even find time to go to night technical classes. Dorothy doesn't know which of two incidents first signalled success—the day her samples were stolen in New York, or the time she saw Princess Grace wearing one of her designs.

Megan, standing still for the first time all day, squirms while Dorothy attempts to button the last button.

Dorothy Harris and Dorothy Curley turned out their first orders from these crude but efficient quarters in the Harris's garage. Later they set up shop in a Quonset hut, which promptly burned.

Dorothy and Wayne sand, paint and install portions of equipment in their new factory, which began to operate at the first of 1958. They have expanded by ploughing profits back into the business.

CLINICALLY speaking, time would seem to be growing short. According to the diagnostician on the street, clothes of the fashionable woman are definitely going from bad to worse. And, as long as one makes only an emotional approach to the situation, this observation would appear correct. However, a critical study of the problem, as it were, indicates that all is not so dark; the prognosis, actually, is quite to the good.

It is to be admitted that, not since the days when the late Christian Dior borrowed an Arab tent to drape his walking beanstalks into "New Look" weeping willows, have any high fashion couturiers caused such wails of anguish, such scowls of disbelief, such predictions of doom. However, I would ask you to stop, listen, and to consider those facts which do not reach the casual eye; for it is my contention that, far from perpetrating a hideous plot to undermine the true femininity of American womanhood, the French fashion creators are today staging a return to the practical, the classical. A veritable revolution is in the making.

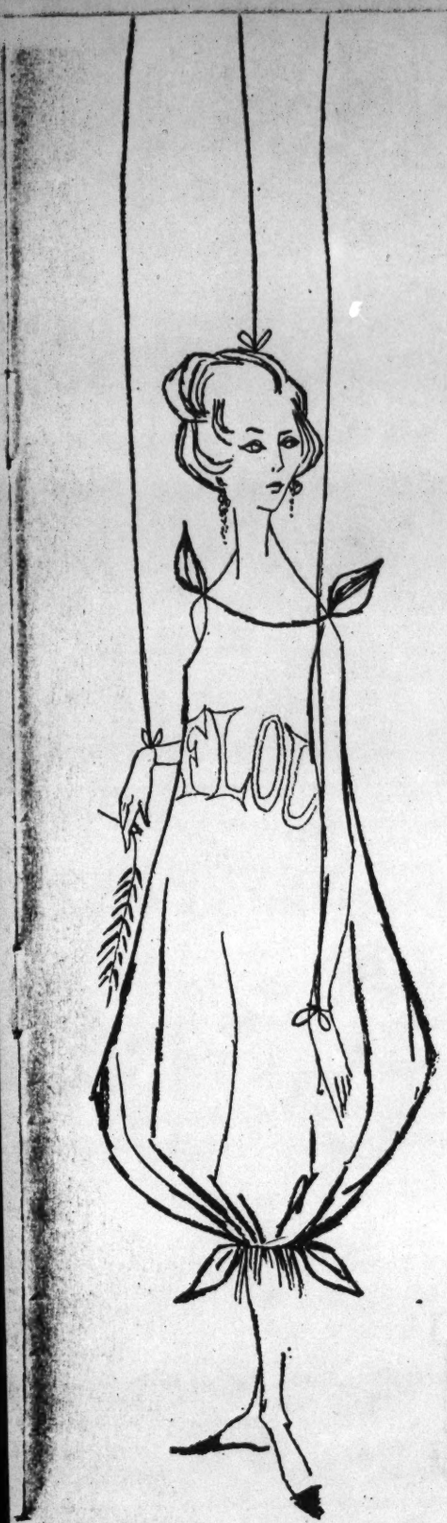
An examination of the pertinent facts is now in order. The most startling objects seem to be: boxy, suit-like coats; gunny-sack dresses; low-gathered backs; cowl-like collars; low waistlines; straight, short, slim skirts; and the generous use of fur. Not even the most hysterical sort of reasoning can find one article of insidious significance, and those garments which might appear somewhat suspicious can be easily explained with little more than a pish and a tosh.

First We Had
The New Look,
Then,
The Forward Look.
Now...

THE AWKWARD I

We must recognize, to begin with, that today's high fashion moguls are offering such a wide variety there is surely a style to fit any body. Flat chested? The slenderizing, dressy suit for late afternoon and evening is made to order. Hippy? The gunny-sack dress does not merely disguise the bulge, it completely covers it. Stoop shouldered? This contour blends beautifully with the cowl-collared, low-gathered, bloused-back jacket.

Allow me to illustrate, in detail, their practicalities. The short, slim skirt is being employed extensively, with suits in particular. This, of course, is welcome news to men and women alike, being a flattering style to most. Women, that is. No complaint here, certainly. Then combine this skirt with any number of delightful (it is virtually required that this word be used someplace in any discussion of fashion), different jackets, and one has a CREATION. The aforementioned bloused back, for example. Does it seriously remind you of a dressed up conveyance for stray papooses? If it doesn't you're not following me very closely, for that is precisely its dual purpose. Women today are busy; families are large; nurses are scarce; women are anxious to be chic and efficient. Hence, the C-C, L-G, B-B jacket. The rear side is warm, comfortable and convenient for babies of several sizes and shapes, and is commodious enough for two. Note, however, that this mode can be had as a single seater simply by purchasing the cowl-collared only, or low-gathered, bloused-back only, jacket. Of course, a rumble seat is always handy.



LOOK

BY CAROL SCARLETT

Illustrated by Janet Stiles

Then consider the woman who can leave the children at home when she markets. In all likelihood, she has a freezer, which she stocks weekly. The obvious result is that her grocery shopping involves a large number of bags. (It is my earnest wish that here you refrain from jocular comments regarding "eyes," although my own struggles through the super market gymkhanas have left non-eradicable imprints that make me wish Old Crow was measured only in liquid capacity, not feet as well.) But to return to parcels.

It is axiomatic that two arms carry only so much. However, if the shopper is wearing the full, very low-waisted dress (herein previously referred to as the gunny sack—a most ignominious term and certainly a misnomer—gunny sacks never, never cost $250.00), her problem is solved; for this garment, *inverted*, becomes a commodious, sturdy receptacle for all manner of goods. And one must not overlook the fact that the possibility of losing dropped articles is eliminated if the shopper is careful to walk backwards, in which position items such as falling cucumbers, water pistols and cream-filled cup cakes are quite noticeable. There is, in addition, a healthy side effect to this particular method of perambulation. Walking on one's hands even a few minutes, while thus laden, should be a substitutionary exercise for standing on one's head for an hour, and is almost certain to produce that sweet effect which men today so often lament the lack of: the maidenly blush.

Please observe, also, that this dress is so designed that it can be used quite nicely by expectant

mothers and will, in any case, be sure to keep the knees well covered when one is alighting from low-slung automobiles.

Our discussion thus far has furthered only the more prosaic facets of today's high fashion innovations. However, before turning to the more exotic aspects, I must confess to a bit of procrastination. I mentioned the boxy, suit-like coat, but have hesitated to elucidate upon its intricacies. This item has the false appearance of a suit, being stitched and, apparently, hemmed in places peculiar for a coat. Its resemblance to a box, however, is not false. Pish. Tosh. (Remember paragraph three?)

As a transition to the more luxurious items, mention should be made of the footwear being shown. Much of it is quite interesting in the use of fabric upon fabric, beadwork and materials not previously utilized for shoes. But the focal point of reaction has been upon the tiny, slim heel (accepted) and the pointed toe (questioned). It must be said, in defense of this extreme point, that aside from making the foot look two sizes longer, it hurts, unless one wears a quadruple A width.

The beautiful and the bouffant (I am not plugging a new movie) have not been ignored. Yards and yards and yards and yards of material go into some evening dresses. This may not appear to have either a practical or classical origin, and it doesn't, but it livens up a party a bit to see a ball of bespangled gauze, obliterating the wearer, waltzing around.

Fur—that wonderful, caressing, next-best-thing-to-a-man item—is reappearing extensively as an accessory material. In fact, entire dresses are being made of it, which should give rise to interesting speculation on the woman, wearing such a gown, who enters a room that is very warm.

While fur has nothing to do with the classical, either, that much-maligned low waistline emphatically does. The Greeks wore it, men and women alike; and when one combines the low waist with a sinuous, satiny, slenderizing evening suit, topped with a turban, the resemblance to a Doric column is awesome. Especially if one happens to have marble head and feet.

A great deal of draping (a very classical thing to do) is going on, employing the softer materials such as silk, chiffon, taffeta, lamé, nylon and leather. Around the waist, over the shoulder, across the hips, under one arm, over the head, down the back...front? The Indian (East) and Egyptian (mummy) influences are easily detected here. The result is quite effective, but don't lose the "how to put on" directions.

Oh, I could go on for pages and pages with proof of this resurgence of the practical, the practicable, the classic, the historic.

Monks wore cowls;
Genghis Khan wore fur,
Animals still do;
Cleopatra sailed
In a slinky skirt;
Ko Ko San
Wore shoes that hurt;
So why can't you?

But enough! While this dissertation may not remove all the doubts one may bear toward the fashion world's mental health, it should lead to utter confusion.

After all, Eve started without a stitch. Look how far she's progressed! ●

Fur is reappearing as an accessory material

TO BOTH THEIR OWN

continued from page 50

structures of law and government, religion and art and science, become something highly valued for themselves. Practiced by men, they become indicators of masculine humanity, and men take great pride in these achievements. To the extent that women are barred from them, women become less human. An illiterate woman is no less human than an illiterate man. As long as few men write and most men cannot, a woman may suffer no loss in her sense of herself. But when writing becomes almost universal—access to books, increased precision of thought, possibilities of communication—then if women cannot learn to write because they are women, they lose in stature, and the whole subtle process begins by which the wholeness of both sexes is undermined. When the women's sense of loss of participation is compensated for by other forms of power, by the iron will of the mother-in-law who has been the docile, home-bound wife—as in China and Japan—then the equilibrating pattern may take the form of covert distortions of human relationships that may persist over centuries. When women's sense of impaired participation in society is expressed directly, in rebellion against the restrictions that it has placed on her, we may find instead the sort of freedom for women that occurred just before the break-down of the Roman Empire, or in the goals of the women's movement of the last century. But whatever the compensatory adjustment within the society, women's belief in their own power to contribute directly to human culture will be subtly and deeply impaired, and men's isolation, either covertly threatened or openly attacked in a world that they have built alone, will increase.

If we once accept the premise that we can build a better world by using the different gifts of each sex, we shall have two kinds of freedom, freedom to use untapped gifts of each sex, and freedom to admit freely and cultivate in each sex its special superiorities. We may well find that there are certain fields, such as the physical sciences, mathematics, and instrumental music, in which men by virtue of their sex, as well as by virtue of their qualities as specially gifted human beings, will always have that razor-edge of extra gift which makes all the difference, and that while women may easily follow where men lead, men will always make the new discoveries. We may equally well find that women, through the learning involved in maternity, which once experienced can be taught more easily to all women, even childless women, than to men, have a special superiority in those human sciences which involve that type of understanding which until it is analyzed is called intuition. *If intuition is based, as it seems to be, upon an ability to recognize difference from the self rather than upon one to project the self in building a construct or a hypothesis, it may well be that the greatest intuitive gifts will be found among women. Just as for endless ages men's mathematical gifts were neglected and people counted one, two, two and one, and a dog, or were limited to counting on the fingers of their hands, so women's intuitive gifts have lain fallow, uncultivated, uncivilized.*

Once it is possible to say it is as important to take women's gifts and make them available to both men and women, in transmittable form, as it was to take men's gifts and make the civilization built upon them available to both men and women, we shall have enriched our society. *And we shall be ready to synthesize both kinds of gifts in the sciences, which are now sadly lop-sided with their far greater knowledge of how to destroy than of how to construct, far better equipped to analyze the world of matter into which man can project his intelligence than the world of human relations, which requires the socialized use in intuition.* The mother who must learn that the infant who was but an hour ago a part of her body is now a different individual, with its own hungers and its own needs, and that if she listens to her own body to interpret the child, the child will die, is schooled in an irreplaceable school. As she learns to attend to that different individual, she develops a special way of thinking and feeling about human beings. We can leave these special learnings at the present level, or convert them into a more elaborate part of our civilization. Already the men and women who are working together in the human sciences are finding the greatly increased understanding that comes from the way in which their insights complement each other. We are learning that we pay different prices for our insights: for instance, to understand the way a culture socializes children a man must return in imagination to childhood, but a woman has also another and different path, to learn to understand the mothers of these children. Yet both are necessary, and the skill of one sex gives only a partial answer. *We can build a whole society only by using both the gifts special to each sex and those shared by both sexes—by using the gifts of the whole of humanity.*

Every step away from a tangled situation, in which moves and counter-moves have been made over centuries, is a painful step, itself inevitably imperfect. Here is a vicious circle to which it is not possible to assign either a beginning or an end, in which men's over-estimation of women's roles, or women's over-estimation of men's roles, leads one sex or the other to arrogate, to neglect, or even to relinquish part of our so dearly won humanity. *Those who would break the circle are themselves a product of it, express some of its defects in their every gesture, may be only strong enough to challenge it, not able actually to break it. Yet once identified, once analyzed, it should be possible to create a climate of opinion in which others, a little less the product of the dark past because they have been reared with a light in their hand that can shine backwards as well as forwards, may in turn take the next step. Only by recognizing that each change in human society must be made by those who carry in every cell of their bodies the very reason why the change is necessary can we school our hearts to the patience to build truly and well, recognizing that it is not only the price, but also the glory, of our humanity that civilization must be built by human beings.*●

You'll soon be learning about the birds and bees, so I'm going to teach you about money...

HE SAYS:
Holes in the Social Fabric.

By Horace Malone

What does the rising d

WHAT does the woman of today want from marriage? She wants to marry early and have children and yet not be tied down to any till-death-do-us-part contract.

She wants a place in business and industry equal to man's and at a salary equal to man's, and yet she seizes every opportunity to avoid working, preferring to snare a husband whose salary is adequate to support a wife and their statistical quota of two and one-half children.

She wants sex equality but at the same time she wants not only all the thrills and excitement of the sex game but the security that comes with marriage and monogamy.

She wants to marry for love and sex and at the same time she wants her man to match the best of the income-bearing males she might have married.

In short, what the young woman of today wants is to have her cake and eat it too . . . without choking on it.

There is really nothing new in this. Men have wanted to have their cake and eat it too for as far back as anyone can remember. It was considered the normal thing, the way ordained by law and custom and sanctioned by all the dominant religions of the world. During the last fifty years or so it came to be known as the double standard of sexual morality and, while there had always been women who challenged it, it became for the first time an organized movement. Feminism strove to replace it with the single standard. Ideas like Judge Lindsay's "companionate marriage," "trial marriage," and similar schemes were proposed to implement the single standard. All these schemes met the formal rejection by lawmakers, churches and civic bodies everywhere, but they made their way into the folkways of the nation just the same, in practice rather than in precept. Today every marriage is a trial marriage. The results have been disastrous to men and women alike, to children, and to the stability of the family.

In simpler cultures where they have nothing even remotely approaching the twelve to sixteen year schooling period we have in the United States, and where tribal custom finds a place for every member of the community without exception from the cradle to the grave, early marriage and free-wheeling family relationships do not seriously threaten social stability. In our more complex society a broken home often creates a public charge, to say nothing of serious psychological dislocations for parents as well as children. For this reason analogies based on tribal societies are not applicable to life as it is lived in the United States.

By the time a Hopi or a Bantu girl is twelve or thirteen

(Continued on Page 62)

g divorce rate mean?

MANY a modern American girl marries young, has perhaps one or two children, divorces her husband, and very soon marries again. She marries again at least once. How much oftener, the figures do not reveal, but it seems that she makes most changes when quite young. In the thirties, she tends to marry for keeps.

These trends are quite recent. They relate mostly to the generation of women who are now aged between sixteen and forty, with the emphasis on the younger age groups.

For not only our marriage habits but all our social habits are rapidly changing. And though consciously we are always equating change with progress and welcoming it with words, in our hearts we fear and resist it.

Until quite recently—say twenty-five years ago—the economic and social unit of our society was the nuclear family, not the extended family as with the Pueblo Indians and the Bedouins. And a tight little unit it was. Marriage often meant a complete withdrawal from other social relationships; it was felt desirable to keep even the young couple's own parents at a distance. Economically, too, the nuclear family was isolated. Father earned the money and mother did the housework. In case of trouble, little help was to be expected, even from the grandparents. They have a saying in Yorkshire: "Go to strangers for charity, friends for advice, relations for nothing, you'll get well supplied." In such circumstances, the welfare of the family depended entirely on cooperation between the parents. The removal of one parent was a shattering blow for the child, and could plunge the family into penury and loneliness.

If these conditions still held, the sociologists would be right: divorce on a large scale would mean a great deal of misery for a large number of people.

But there are several things which the sociologists have overlooked. These include the unimportance of biological as opposed to sociological paternity, the comparatively minor part played by parents in the formation of the personality of the child, and the change in the economic position of women.

Begetting a child is only one duty of a father, and not the one that has most influence on the life of the child. We need not here go into the reasons behind the stress that we play on begetting. It goes right back to the Old Testament. In most societies there is one man who is regarded as primarily responsible for the support and education of a child. But this man is very often not the man who begot the child; he is quite likely to be an uncle or a stepfather.

(Continued on Page 63)

SHE SAYS:
Swinging on a Different Scene.

By Rachel Lawrence

HE SAYS: *(Continued from Page 60)*

she has mastered the relatively simple tasks she is expected to perform as her share in the tribal economy. Choice of marriage partners plays a larger role in such tribal societies than we once thought it did, even though it sometimes takes devious forms. If the choice proves to be an unwise one, readjustment entails no serious moral or economic problems. In our society it may present the marital partners with problems of financial readjustment and moral decisions which are far beyond the powers of all but a few favored people to resolve. Favored or simply irresponsible. In our society the highest divorce rate occurs during the first year of marriage.

The better-schooled divorcee or the one who can fall back on family help or ample alimony payments occupies a favored position at least so far as economic readjustment is concerned, however serious her psychological problem may be. The less favored, and these must surely constitute by far the great majority, are faced with a serious readjustment, even where there is no offspring to complicate the problem.

Such cases of quick and easy divorce can only be called irresponsible. A one-year trial marriage is not a fair test of marital compatibility. Thomas P. Monahan, reporting before the American Sociological Society last year on this "remarriage group," described it as divorce-prone and dubbed the practice as "sequential polygamy." A society like ours, based as it is on monogamic marriage and family responsibility, cannot remain sound and stable under such conditions.

To regard the first marriage as anything but a permanent union is to undermine the very foundations of the American home. Multiple marriage, in any case, is little more than sexual promiscuity. This is not to say that divorce is in all cases anti-social or even undesirable. Just as abortion, under proper medical care and for good reason, is not always anti-social and undesirable. The test, it seems to me, should be the welfare of the children of the union and the stability of the family, on which depends the stability of society as a whole.

The breakdown of the institution of marriage and the loosening of family ties is not a new phenomenon. It has marked the decline of civilizations before. Is this to say that ours is a declining civilization? I think not. I prefer to think that the marriage and divorce and remarriage statistics are indicative of a passing phase of our civilization; a period, perhaps only a brief period, of uncertainty and doubt, due no doubt to the rapid changes in technology and politics for the last three or four decades. Wars have always had an unsettling effect on morals and marriages.

The economic independence of women has been a factor, but as we have seen, it is only an illusory independence. The young people who are marrying today at eighteen are not economically independent except as a two-job family, which makes them more *inter*dependent than ever before. The day when parents could provide a house for the young couple or set the bridegroom up in some small business is long past. In all early divorces the burden falls most heavily on the woman, especially if there is a child to care for, but the lot of the young man burdened with alimony and child-support at twenty is not a happy one either. From no point of view can I see early marriage and early divorce as anything but a personal disaster and a social liability.

It is true, as Max Lerner has said, that "America's greatest work of art may turn out to be the American woman, from sixteen to fifty, whether stenographer or society belle, shopgirl or movie queen," but no work of art springs into being without some creative thinking—and doing. Early marriage and divorce is not a creative process, and multiple remarriage is like a painting painted over and over till it is blurred and cracked. It is a picture that tells a story, reveals a symptom, and Mr. Lerner has stated it as a dilemma: "with one side of her she wants an adventurous and exciting life, but another voice tells her that she lives in a culture where few women can make a go of it on their own, and where, therefore, she must find the marriageable male who will invest her with security and status." It is more than her maiden name that she gives up when she marries. It is *identification*—with a family past, with male and in many cases female friendships, and a more or less complete *re*-identification with a new nexus of loyalties and responsibilities. To do this once, especially at an early age when mature choice is out of the question in most cases, is bad enough. To do it again a year later, and again in perhaps a series of marriages... the mental hospitals, the nicotine, alcohol and narcotics statistics and the child welfare agencies are eloquent if depressing comment on the consequences. Whatever the remedy may be it is not to be found in the marriage-divorce-remarriage merry-go-round.●

Cartoon by John Dempsey

SHE SAYS: *(Continued from Page 61)*

Then we observe how at a very early age, probably as soon as he can toddle as far as the neighbor's yard, the child comes under influences other than those of the family. All kinds of people instruct, consciously or not, the growing child—playmates, teachers, neighbors—almost anybody seems a better model than mother and father. How many English mothers deplore in cultured tones the hideous accents that their children pick up, heaven knows where? How many American mothers sigh over the garments with which their adolescent daughters conceal their youthful grace because this is the style of dress approved by their schoolmates? Whom does the boy consult about such difficult questions as the morality of cheating at exams, or how many times you should date a girl before you make a pass at her? Father? He is the very last person to ask.

Parents of course are very useful people. But the part they play in their children's lives is smaller than they think. And in modern conditions, this is as it should be. For how can a parent teach anybody how to behave as a young person in the world of today, so different from the world in which he was young?

Add to this the economic independence of women and young people, for even the youth of sixteen can usually earn enough in a part-time job to pay for his personal expenses, and the whole picture is one in which the child is no longer as dependent as he was formerly on his mother and father and their continued co-operation.

It cannot be denied that, to many children, the break-up of a marriage is a severe blow. But it is not so much the divorce itself that hurts as the bitterness that led up to it and the hostility it may leave behind. If the divorced parents remain on friendly terms, the children usually adapt well to the situation. If both parents remarry, they may find it an advantage to have two sets of parents and grandparents. The more relatives you have, the better. The child—and not only the child—sees himself at the center of a network of social relationships. If he can love and be loved, the interrelationships between the various people who love him are of no great moment to him.

He is unlikely to be distressed by his mother's economic or social troubles. A young mother can usually establish herself in an occupation which will bring in enough to support one or two children even if the father does not contribute. Modern household appliances help to relieve the strain of combining housework with a full-time job. The divorced mother is not at a great social disadvantage, for there are many young women in her own situation. She gets around socially and has opportunity to find a new husband. For the break-up of a marriage is no longer regarded as a tragic failure but as the rectification of a youthful mistake.

And more than ever we have time to make mistakes and rectify them. Not only is man's span of life being prolonged by science, but his span of *useful* life is extended. This is especially significant for woman. She reaches puberty earlier than ever before, and the menopause later. So her childbearing years are extended at both ends. She retains her youthful appearance longer, not only because she feels and dresses young longer, but because, biologically, she *is* young longer. So a man who marries a woman of thirty can expect her to remain youthful for a long time. Balzac was perhaps the first modern novelist to remind us, about one hundred years ago, how attractive a woman in her thirties can be. *"Enfants de quinze ans, assez! Laissez votre mère danser!"* Other writers were slow in taking up the theme until the early years of this century, when Galsworthy's Irene Soames became the forerunner of a long and increasing line of mature beauties. The woman of thirty need not fear that if she divorces her husband she will be unable to find another. The figures show that a woman's chance of marriage at thirty is much greater if she is a divorcee than if she is a spinster. Though she may enter an early first marriage with qualms, she has the assurance that if it fails she has a good chance of contracting a successful marriage later.

But nobody really plans her second marriage while contracting her first. Why, then, are boys and girls so eager to marry young?

The answer to this question may be sought in the whole attitude behind our child rearing. The child is enjoyed not so much for his own sake as for the promise he shows of adulthood. He is constantly urged to speed up his development. The term "immature" is thrown around as a word of opprobrium. Throughout the child's school career his progress is charted and anxiously compared with the norms for his age. We urge him to grow up in every way but one—sexually. Yet it is just in this way that he grows up fastest. Partly because of improvement in child nutrition, partly because of factors which have not yet been much studied in this connection, the modern American child reaches puberty earlier than at any previous time. Yet because the complexity of our culture requires a long and constantly increasing period of education, he becomes economically self-supporting increasingly late. Thus he is physically and emotionally ready for marriage long before he can support a wife and family.

Part of the hurry to get children to grow up is the acquiescence by parents in early dating and activities which require participation in couples. So couples start going steady at the age of fifteen or even younger, and by eighteen are ready for marriage in every way but financially. If you have been going steady with a girl for three years, what is the alternative to marrying her? All the other girls of your age are already spoken for. There is really nothing to do but marry your steady.

Add to this the pressure of conscription for the armed forces. If he leaves her now, he may lose her and come back to find all his contemporaries married and the younger girls regarding him as senile at twenty-one. He needs stability, not merely a lover, but a wife and a home, perhaps even a child. Everything pushes him into marriage.

The same applies to the girl. Even more than the boy, she is afraid of being left out if she waits too long before choosing a husband. All her friends are marrying, and all her social activities require a partner.

These are the motives for early marriage at the best. At the worst, there are plenty of motives too. I asked a girl of seventeen whether girls who married young really intended to make the marriage last. Some do, she told me, some don't. Well, what about

SHE SAYS:

the ones who don't? Why do they marry at all? Perhaps they just want the prestige of being a married woman. Or, more often, they want to get away from something. Maybe they don't want to go to college and all the jobs they could get seem so dull. Maybe they are unhappy at home. Or maybe contraceptives could not cope with the teeming fertility of the seventeen-year-old. Maybe...Anyway, it's hard to stay single at eighteen.

And why shouldn't the young people marry? The sexual powers of the human being are at their maximum between the ages of seventeen and twenty-one. Why should they be wasted in undignified scuffles in the back seats of cars? Why shouldn't the privileges of the marriage bed be accorded to those best fitted to take advantage of them? And why should such passion be sterile? We should revere the desire of a woman to express her love for her man by bearing him a child.

The only trouble is that the boy is unable to support a family. His parents and his bride's parents feel, quite understandably, that since they had to delay their own marriage because of lack of funds the younger generation should do the same. They are being asked to repay a debt that they never incurred. They feel that their children have had it too easy all along. And they are jealous, with the terrible, unacknowledged jealousy of the old for the young. Why should they pay for their children to enjoy the sexual happiness which they had to wait for and which is now so dimmed that they can hardly remember how they felt in their prime?

The young people manage somehow to solve their problems. Sometimes the parents do come forward with help. Sometimes by heroic efforts the young couple can pay their own way. Usually the marriage gets off to a bright start.

Then what happens? With luck, the young couple grow up together, the marriage develops, and they don't come into our story.

But what of the other? A French novelist, I forget which, has remarked, "At sixteen the heart is like the stomach—greedy and easy to please." But at twenty-two both these organs become more fastidious. The amorphous partner of one's youth suddenly changes into a very marked personality which may not in the least accord with one's own. It is not an uncommon experience to wake up one morning beside an unamiable stranger.

Then there are economic and social difficulties. The girl who has spent four years as a stenographer to help her husband through college may find that her mind has stagnated while his has developed. He feels himself intellectually and socially above her. He may fall in love with one of his classmates or professional associates, and be burdened with guilt at his ingratitude for his wife's sacrifices.

Or one or both of the couple may find that they are not ready for the responsibilities of parenthood and monogamy. The virile boy of eighteen, perhaps deprived of sexual outlet towards the end of his wife's pregnancy, is constantly tempted to infidelity. The ball and chain may stop him from running after women, but it prevents him from running away fast enough when they run after him. The wife, especially if she is tied to the house by a young child, is less exposed to temptation. But still—she has had so little opportunity to try out her powers of sexual attraction before marriage, especially if she had been going steady for two or three years before that. The discovery that some men are not deterred by her wedding ring has a heady excitement. She has to know...

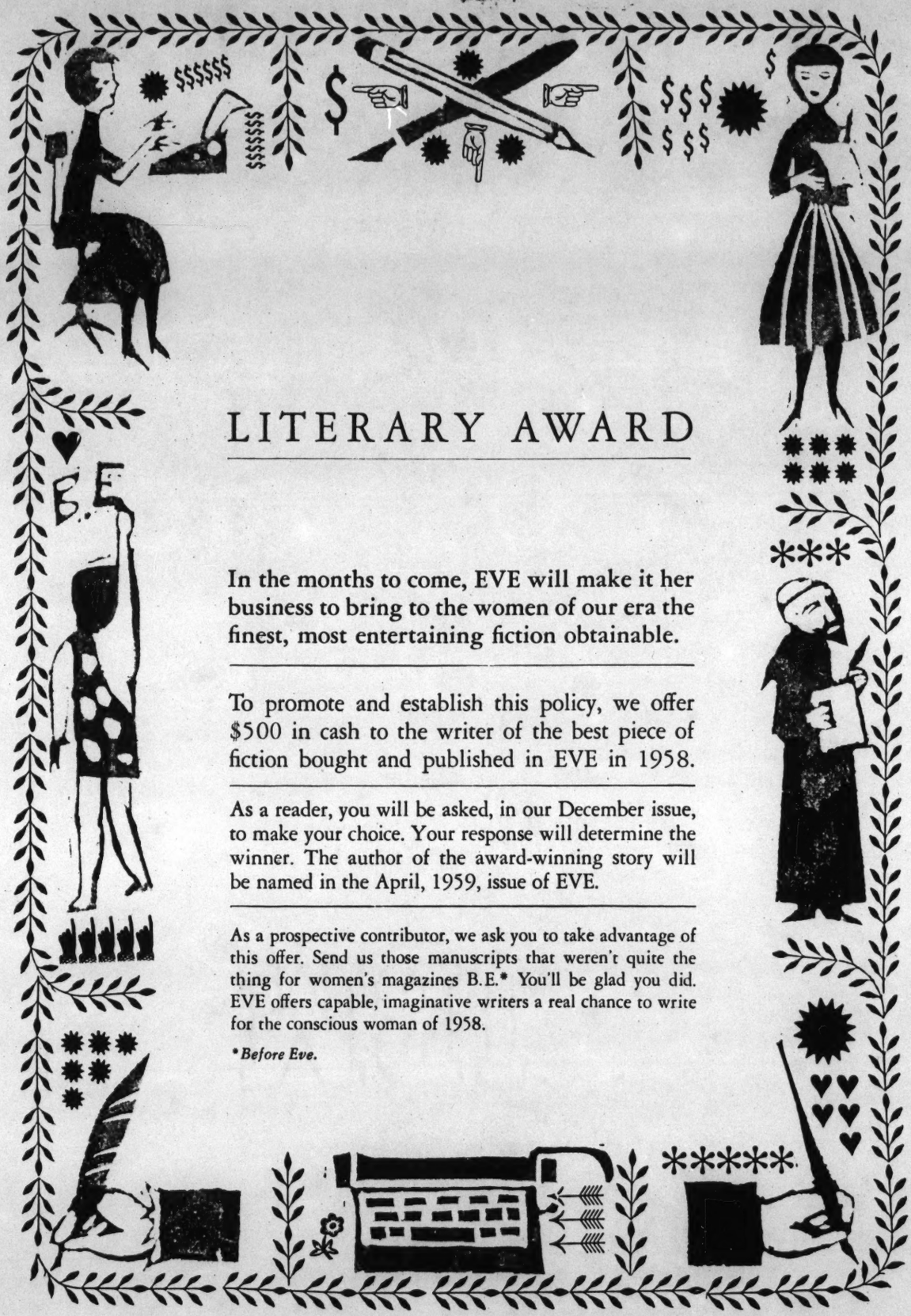
Then the couple may be separated by army service or the exigencies of their careers. There are innumerable rocks on which the young marriage may be wrecked.

There is very little to induce the young couple to stay together after the joy has gone out of their marriage, though there may be a child or even two. And, as we have seen, the economic position of the wife and children can be maintained when the marriage breaks up.

For the modern American woman, divorce is not a tragedy, which is fortunate, since it is an increasingly common phenomenon. It is part of a new pattern of life she has worked out for herself. She is freeing herself from the necessity of making the choice which brought so much heartbreak to her mother's generation—the choice between marriage and motherhood on one hand and a career on the other. She has found, or is on the way to finding, a means of having and enjoying both. Margaret Mead has described the new pattern of living. The girl marries very young and has two or three children as fast as she can. Then in her late twenties when they are to some degree off her hands, she resumes her education and training. Even if she does not qualify for her profession until she is thirty-five, she still has thirty-five or so active years in front of her. So everything drives her to marry and have children while she is still young. She hopes that her blindly-chosen first husband will turn out to suit her, but if he doesn't—well, it's not a fatal disaster.

Does this signify a frivolous attitude towards marriage? On the contrary, the modern woman expects more of marriage than did her mother or grandmother, and is prepared to put more into it. She is prepared to work heroically hard both in and out of the home. She marries for love and expects to give as much love as she receives and more. And that is all she expects—not a meal ticket, not somebody to release her from the burden of making her own decisions, not an emotional prop—just a lover, a friend and companion.

She marries for love. And if love dies, she does not try to live with the corpse. She believes in reincarnation. And usually her faith is justified.●



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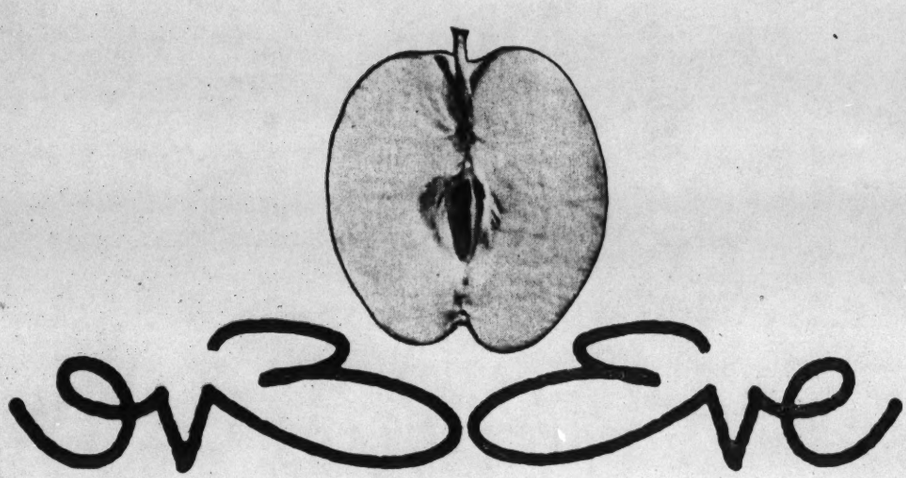

Eve

Vip in a Psychoanalytic Mood

THE AWKWARD LOOK

He Says: She Says:

MARGARET MEAD

'LIGHTNING AND SWEET GRASS'

ANAÏS NIN

FOR THE WOMAN OF 1958